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THE EXPLANATION OF MIRACLES BY UNKNOWN NATURAL FORCES.

To men in search of difficulties against the explanation of admitted facts by definite causes, the hypothesis of unknown possible agencies is a ready resort. It may at times be the only course open to a man of prudence thus to take refuge in the unknowable. Still this is so unsatisfactory a proceeding that, except in case of necessity, one is loath to stop short at an explanation which explains nothing. The late Professor De Morgan, speaking of spirit manifestations, declares that he can adopt no account up to that time given of their origin; "but," he adds, "thinking it very likely that the universe may contain a few agencies, say half a million, of which no man knows anything, I cannot but suspect that a small proportion of these agencies, say five thousand, may be severally competent to the production of all the phenomena, or may be quite up to the task among them."

Now I have absolutely nothing to say of spiritualism at present; but I wish to examine De Morgan's principle in reference solely to the question of Christian miracles.

In the first place, it is obvious to

remark that, because there is a doubtful borderland between two domains, it does not therefore follow that there may not be territory clearly belonging to this domain and not to that. The most ambitious table of weights and measures does not venture to say how many straws make a stack; but three straws certainly do not make a stack, and a hundred cartloads of straw certainly do make a stack. Some of the protozoa may be plants or they may be animals; but a child that throws an apple to an elephant, can say for sure, that the apple is a vegetable and the elephant an animal. Again, an athlete may inform you that he has jumped over a stream six yards wide; perhaps you dare not flatly contradict him; but if, gaining confidence, he goes on to say that he has jumped over the Straits of Dover, you burst forth incontinently into verse, wherein by two lines of becoming gravity you prelude the assertion of the mighty feat,

"The cow jumped over the moon."

To take one more illustration, a short word or two may be formed by a chance cast of type out of its re-

ceptacle; but the *British Encyclopedia* was not originated by a lucky throw of this sort. There may then be extremes that are clearly distinguishable, while the precise mean between them baffles all attempt at discovery. That there is a debatable land between miraculous and natural occurrences, no one will deny; our contention is that there are also events manifestly traceable to the one category or to the other, and not lying dubiously between the two, like Ginx's baby between the two parishes.

But besides the threefold classification of phenomena into natural, supernatural, and ambiguous, it may be well to point out that the first member is again subdivisible into two parts, the one comprising events in the ordinary course of nature, the other embracing those effects which, though out of the usual order, yet present no character whereby to make good their title to transcend nature. Such we may suppose to be most, if not all, of the extraordinary facts recorded by such writers as Abercrombie, Sir B. Brodie, Sir H. Holland, and Dr. Moore in his book, *The Influence of the Mind on the Body*. In such works as these there are narrated tricks of the *imagination*, as where medicine has produced its expected effect, though this was really the direct opposite of its natural character, or where mere spectra of the brain have been quite undistinguishable from objects actually present, and have receded and vanished in accordance with the ordinary laws of perspective. Then there are tricks of *memory*: persons have alternated between two distinct series of consciousness, the one never being present at the same time with the other. An ignorant servant-girl, in fits of insanity, has, from memory, recited Greek and Hebrew passages which she can have learnt only from having heard her master read aloud as he paced the corridor. Next may be mentioned tricks of

sleep. In this state excellent sermons have been delivered; the somnolent discourses of one lady were found worth printing. In sleep difficult problems have been solved, and valuable ideas acquired. In sleep too, another servant-maid used to sing beautifully, and to imitate accurately with her mouth the sound of musical instruments, which she had heard played in the house where she was living. A postmaster used to walk sleeping over eight miles of moorland; but he always woke up to cross a narrow bridge that lay on his road. Nor must we forget the tricks of *sudden emotion*. A lady in fright at a dog was seized with hydrophobia, though the dog had done no more than tear her dress. The cry of fire has raised up the bedridden, and afterwards they have needed to return to their beds no more, except for the usual night's repose. Lastly, a barber who had stolen some jelly from a gentleman's sideboard, was taken suddenly ill on being told that the jelly was poisoned for the purpose of killing rats.

In cases like these, which might be multiplied indefinitely, no one pretends that there is need to have recourse to the miraculous. But when we ascend a step higher, when we come to the more extraordinary of the phenomena which are vaguely and often indiscriminately assigned to somnambulism, hypnotism, animal magnetism, epilepsy, and the like, we meet with some cases more nearly resembling the preternatural; and often it is a dispute between our adversaries and ourselves, whether or not purely natural causes are sufficient for the production of effects apparently so unnatural. Our opponents have always an unhesitating *a priori* reply in the affirmative; we frequently can only shrug our shoulders and say that we do not know. But, occasionally, we too are decided in our answer; we boldly assert a miracle. Before going on to assign my arguments

for the possibility of coming to such a conclusion, it may gain me a more attentive hearing, if I first give a specimen of the sort of evidence which we have for some of our facts, evidence which, we are bold to affirm, could be denied only by a man who is prepared to deny anything that he wishes not to be true.

The instance shall be selected from Dr. Northcote's *Sanctuaries of the Madonna*. The author begs only this, that the reader in weighing the evidence will "submit to those laws by which human testimony is ordinarily tried." And I am not sorry that the example is one of the much-ridiculed class of what are profanely called "winking Madonnas." If instead it had been a winking accomplice to a crime, and if to prove the fact of his having winked was to convict the culprit, it would certainly go hard with the prisoner if the witnesses against him were in as great force as they appear in the following abridgment of an abridgment, taken originally from very copious authentic documents.

At the time of Napoleon's disturbances in Italy, the movement of the eyes of a picture was first noted July 9th, 1796; and the same day a similar movement was observed in six other pictures. On July 11th, the prodigy was repeated in three further cases; on July 12th in two more, on July 13th in another, and so on, until in Rome alone there were recorded over sixty cases, while others occurred in other places. At once priests and prelates in the several localities instituted inquiries; but the matter was not taken up by the higher tribunal of the Cardinal Vicar till October 1st; from which date the process lasted up to the February of the following year, the miraculous manifestations all the while never ceasing. Now be it observed, the fact to be established is simple enough. If honest human testimony is inadequate to settle so plain a question, then farewell to all history, to all

bearing of witness in law courts, and well-nigh to all social intercourse. The only point to be determined was, whether, in broad daylight, in brilliant candlelight, and in both these combined, before thousands of spectators viewing the phenomena from near, from afar, and from every conceivable aspect, whether the eyes of several pictures and images did really present the unmistakable signs of motion, or whether they did not. To answer this pretty easy question, more witnesses than were actually summoned might have been called to give their evidence, had there been any use in multiplying testimonies beyond the point at which the authorities stopped short. As it was, nearly one thousand people deposed on oath to the truth of the prodigies. These witnesses were thoroughly representative of the intelligence of mankind. There were among them citizens of France, Spain, Italy, England, Germany, Syria, and Brazil; the clergy was represented from the cardinalate downwards, and social rank likewise from the principedom downwards. There were lawyers, physicians, surgeons, professors, officers in the army, artists, mechanics, and shopkeepers. Each had to descend to the exact particulars of his own experience, and no question was left unasked that seemed critical in its character.

The motion of the eyes was proved to have continued in a picture transferred from a chapel to a more roomy church. A Piedmontese priest, at the outset very incredulous, first saw the phenomena at a distance of about six feet from a picture; he then ascended a ladder and stared into the eyes; he was convinced; but afterwards he went further. Before a large crowd he reascended the ladder compasses in hand, and "when the eyeball had almost disappeared under the upper lid he applied the points of his compasses, one to the lower eyelid, the other to the outer rim of the ball

which could just be seen, and then removed them;" the distance he carefully measured on a scale and made a record of it. The eye then returned to its place until the ball actually touched the lower lid, and below it there was not even a line of white to be seen.

Dr. Northcote notices incidentally a similar test put as late as 1850, in the case of the Madonna at Rimini, when by means of a thread stretched horizontally below the eyes of the picture, so as to leave no vacant space below the pupils in their position of rest, the reported movement was clearly ascertained and sworn to by a body of three ecclesiastics and four laymen, who had undertaken to put the matter to the proof. To return to the manifestations of 1796-97. There was in a private oratory a picture of the crucifix, which exhibited the prodigy in a way to determine the convictions of several, especially of those whose defective sight prevented them from getting a satisfactory view of the more public appearances. This picture could be taken in the hands, carried to the light, and examined leisurely; and as it has neither glass nor frame, there was nothing to obstruct the vision. It was this case which settled the doubts of the Rector of the English College. Indeed, it singly was incontrovertible, though the other instances left no room for misgiving.

To sum up the inquiry: "Every conceivable precaution which the most jealous suspicion, and sometimes even the most resolute incredulity, could dictate, was actually taken by some one or other of the most numerous witnesses that were examined." A further guarantee was found in the agreement of the crowd of exclamations descriptive of the various movements of the eyes, and uttered simultaneously with the movements themselves. If ever then an English judge has pronounced sentence with absolute certainty in its justice, surely with not a whit less

certainty the Cardinal Vicar gave sentence that "the truth of the above-mentioned prodigies was established by proof enough and more than enough." It may have some weight with a sturdy Briton to mention that there are contemporary records in England of the miraculous events. A letter to Dr. Milner gives as one result of the manifestations, the conversion of seven Jews and of an English gentleman, while it notices the acknowledgment by atheists of the truth of the facts. Even a Turk was so convinced, that he made to "the Lady" the offer of his scimitar. A man who will not yield to evidence like the above, has no logical resort but in complete historic skepticism. For if he will not believe that several thousand pairs of human eyes are competent to vouch for the appearance of an obvious movement, I am puzzled to see what title he has to believe the existence of Napoleon the First, or anything at all except perhaps his own obstinacy, of which he may have the fullest testimony.

The facts, then, being in some cases at least beyond all dispute, we are put face to face with the question: Is it reasonable to seek the explanation of the facts so attested in the working of unknown forces, or in the abnormal working of known forces? The unprejudiced answer of mankind is, No. And the proof of this lies in such instances as the following: Ordinarily no man willingly condemns a fellow-creature to death. If the guilt is merely probable and not proven, the jury are glad of a loophole whereby to escape a verdict of guilty. Now suppose the instance of several cases of poisoning to have occurred at one period—cases calling for exemplary punishment, that the fate of some of the culprits may frighten the rest into desisting from their nefarious practices. Well, then, imagine that, after infinite pains on the part of detectives, one poor solitary offender is discovered and brought to trial. The case is heard;

the jury retires; the court wonders why they are so long absent, for the verdict seems so obvious. At length they return, and the foreman in reply to the question, "How say you, guilty or not guilty?" to the amazement of every one answers, "Not guilty." Afterwards he writes to the *Times*—a very proper vehicle for such communications—to explain how at first eleven of the jurors were unanimous for the condemnation, but that the twelfth juror was a certain professor, famous for his consistency and his conscientiousness. Now his consistency told him that, as on his perusal of M. Lasserre's book on Lourdes, he had sapiently concluded that water not chemically medicinal, by reason of occult causes, had wrought several cures, as well on imaginations conceivably excited as on the certainly not excited imaginations of infants; so now he must at least allow that a drug, not in itself poisonous, might by virtue of similarly occult causes, have accidentally brought about the death of several persons. For if occult causes are so often beneficial, it is highly probable that they may, just for once, have varied proceedings and turned mischievous. Indeed, considering how much easier it is to kill than to cure, the only wonder is that occult causes behave themselves so well.

This much his consistency told the professor. Thereat his conscience came in and dictated, that he could not condemn the prisoner to death when there was so strong a presumption of innocence. Therefore putting consistency and conscience together, he had withstood the unanimous judgment of his fellow-jurors, who, not being professors, but only men of common sense, had been at length forced to yield to his superior enlightenment, in order to save themselves the inconvenience of being locked up on the very eve of a great local festivity. How, I ask, would the public—how would some of the most anti-miraculous of our profes-

sors—receive such a verdict, for such a reason as the above? There would be a clamor of discontent from one end of the island to the other, whilst the comparatively sagacious Hottentots would laugh at our stupidity. Yet I think the Professor was only true to his principles, and it but remains for him to reconsider his position, and reflect whether principles that lead to absurd results can be in themselves otherwise than absurd. If any one will exercise his ingenuity in the assumption of occult causes as perplexing the details of ordinary life, after the example set him of similar explanations of our best-established miracles, he will find difficulties cropping up, such as seriously to threaten the even course of human transactions.

But perhaps it will come more home to the chief opponents of our view, if it be pointed out that no science can stand against the philosophy of occult causes. I suppose, if there is one triumph of modern science of which men are proud, if there is one discovery which a few generations back would have been boldly pronounced impossible, it is that some of the constituent matters of the far-off, unapproachable stars, should have to submit themselves to spectrum analysis by an investigator sitting quietly in his chamber. Yet on the law that each metal gives its own lines on the spectrum and no other, scientific men do not think that they are presumptuous in arguing that if the light from the stars gives the lines corresponding to known metals, those metals must be present in the stars. But in steps the "minute philosopher" of occult causes, and our boasted triumph is over. "How do you know," he asks with a chuckle, "that the metals are in the stars themselves? They may exist in vapor somewhere in the intermediate space. At least if they do not, it will not be for want of room, for it is a terrible long way from us to the stars. Then I don't see why, because certain lines

belong to certain metals on this earth, the same lines may not have quite a different cause in another region. For just think: some of the philosophers of your school tell us that two and two may make five up in the planet Jupiter. Now, Sirius, mind you, is much further off than Jupiter, and therefore I do not see why sodium lines may not indicate some very different substance in the Dog Star. Then, again, this light has been travelling for years and years before it reaches us, and heaven only knows what transformations it may have met with on the way: every new medium that it met would have left its mark by reflexion, refraction, absorption, etc. Long journeys are apt to knock us all out of shape, and light enjoys no exemption." Of course, I have no sympathy with such objections as these. I think we poor mortals cannot afford to account for every supposable "may be" and "might be;" if we try to do so, there is nothing left for us but skepticism. We can get absolutely to the bottom of nothing.

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies :—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

A person of the disposition to suppose everything supposable before coming to a decision, ere he committed himself to put out a mile to sea on a calm day in the noblest of our steamers, would have to examine whether it were physically possible for a storm to arise at a moment's notice, whether it were quite certain that every foot of the water had been examined, so that a hitherto unnoticed rock might not prove fatal, and whether the laws of specific gravity were so constant that an unforeseen change in the atmosphere might not alter the density of the water so as to sink the vessel. A person of this sort would be called a fidget, a hypochondriac; perhaps a friend would try to get him a certifi-

cate of admission into one of those institutes specially designed for keeping men out of harm's way. How often would people try to calm his fears by telling him that what he dreaded was *naturally* impossible. Whence therefore comes it that, when events just as naturally impossible do actually take place, we are forbidden to conclude that the cause must have been *supernatural*? If a thing cannot be done naturally and yet is done, the inference is that it must have been effected supernaturally.

And this brings me to a well-worn objection, which no doubt would have been in the mind of an adversary while reading the above arguments. "We hold," he would say, "as a primary article of our faith, that the laws of nature are uniform, and that like effects have like causes. When, then, we are told such stories as that several people have been poisoned by a harmless substance, or that a captain has lost his ship by a failure in the laws of specific gravity, we reject with scorn these silly excuses. But when you Christians come with your asserted miracles, some at least of us who are open to conviction, dare not deny your facts, else we should have to give up human testimony altogether. But we slightly modify our argument. We still keep to our grand principle, that the laws of nature are uniform, but we add that there may be certain occult forces rarely called into play; or it may be that only known forces are acting, but in a strange combination, so that the exception is apparent, not real."

Oh, for a Socrates, to catechize dialectically the deliverer of the above argument. Our friend knows the laws of nature are uniform. How? By experience.* Well, then,

* I suppose the speaker not to adopt the view that this law is an innate, primitive principle, which is the doctrine (certainly incorrect) of some writers. Thus Chalmers says, "The predisposition to count on the uniformity of nature is an original law of our mind, and is not the fruit of our observation of that uniformity." Lord Brougham teaches the like doctrine, and so do others.

suppose—for we can always make a supposition—suppose that nature's laws had on rare occasions not acted uniformly, how should we have become aware of the exceptions? By experience again, of course. But how if the experience of uniformity, being the stronger, should have denied all force to the experience of the rarer exceptions? Why, that would have been blind tyranny of might over right—it would have been against reason. Now, this blind sacrifice of the weaker to the stronger is precisely the thing of which we complain. On the sole strength of general uniformity, occasional non-uniformity, no matter how clear its claim, is refused all recognition, and declared to be only uniformity in disguise. The most headlong mountain torrent, were it suddenly to change its course, and rush as impetuously uphill as it before rushed down, would, on this theory, exhibit the laws of running water in disguise—a very complete disguise, it must be confessed. But, surely, some very good reason should be given for thus assigning unnatural effects to natural causes. This reason would be sufficiently rendered, either by actually tracing the events to the forces that produce them, or by showing that such forces, though occult, must exist in nature, from the demonstrated fact that no supernatural force ever can be or is exerted in the universe. Now, no one attempts the first of these two plans, otherwise the forces would no longer be occult. Neither does any one pretend to have given proof according to the requirements of the second method of defence. For no man—that is, no reasonable man—tries to make believe that he has demonstrated these propositions: That God does not exist;* that God did not create the primal elements of matter, and give them their forces

and laws; that God cannot interfere with the universe a little more effectually than men interfere with that small portion which is subject to their dominion.* Nescience on these subjects is the most that the saner sort of materialists will assert. Yet, when awkward facts are brought against this theory of nescience, they forget their former position, and argue now, not from the know-nothing point of view, but from the ground of certain knowledge that God does not and cannot interrupt the settled course of nature in one single instance. Unless, indeed, they prefer to keep to their old principle, and argue this way: We don't know whether God can interfere with mundane affairs, therefore he can't.

But to bring the nescience theory to an issue, it will be well now to abandon the argument, which has hitherto been mainly *ad hominem*, and to enter more into the reason of things. St. Thomas Aquinas—and men of science agree with him—lays down this rule for investigating the nature of a thing. “The perfect knowledge of an object cannot be had unless its action is known. For from the manner and kind of its action we learn the measure and quality of its powers. Now, it is from the powers of a thing that its nature is manifested. For, according as it has been endowed with such and such a nature, such and such will be its operations.” Hence the old axiom *operatio sequitur esse*, everything works after the manner of its being. This principle, therefore, must be applied if we would trace the cause of the effects called miraculous.

Whenever previously known causes are found manifestly inadequate to the production of observed phenomena, it is scientific to postulate a

* J'aurais une extrême curiosité de voir celui qui serait persuadé, que Dieu n'est point: il me dirait de moins la raison invincible qui a su le convaincre (La Bruyère).

* “The influence of external circumstances on man is not greater than his influence on the external world” (Mrs. Somerville). Lyell says that man's modifying agency on physical nature is so strong as to upset the possibility of calculating many future contingencies from past events.

new cause, of which, however little else we may know, we may affirm at least this much, that it is a something possessed of the qualities which are indicated by the effects assigned to it. Thus luminiferous ether is postulated, not because any one has directly seen it, or tasted it, or handled it, or discerned it by smell, but because we know of no ordinary substance combining the properties of density and elasticity in a degree sufficient to account for observed facts. But there was another substance postulated by a famous man of our day, and I here adduce the example, because it makes strongly for my cause, though in one respect it might be twisted into an argument for the other side. Sir John Herschel thought he had found an instance of matter not subject to the law of universal gravitation.

"Liquidum et gravitate carentum
Æthera, nec quidquam terrenæ fœcis habentem."

That is, he thought that the exemption was *absolute*, not merely *apparent*, as in the case of the gyroscope and of other instances where counteracting forces are at work. His conclusion was premature; and the subsequent labors of Mr. Lockyer and others have resulted in a more satisfactory solution of the problem. But assuming his first step to be right, Herschel is quite correct in his second. He said to himself, Here is matter absolutely devoid of a property which we know by our widest induction to be inherent in all ordinary matter. Therefore, though it is the glory of these latter times to have annihilated the difference between celestial and terrestrial mechanics, and to have gone far towards doing the same between celestial and terrestrial physics, yet, notwithstanding, I will admit an exception against this fusion of two realms of science, rather than give up a principle that is the foundation of all science. Herschel's own words are: Physical science has yet to settle "whether it is really matter

in the ordinary acceptance of the term which is projected from the heads" of comets. "In no respect is the question as to the materiality of the tail more forcibly pressed on us for consideration than in that of the enormous sweep it makes round the sun in perihelion, in the manner of a straight, rigid rod, in defiance of the law of gravitation, nay, even of the received laws of motion." According to Herschel, then, if we see a phenomenon really contravening the laws of gravity and of motion, we are bound to conclude, however much it may go against the grain, that we have something more than the forces of ordinary matter. This same principle carried a little higher leads us to the recognition of the miraculous.

Of course we must first establish our facts better than Herschel did, before we apply to them his principle. For proof of these facts I can only refer the reader, earnestly and confidently, to documentary evidence that is to be found in various quarters, but especially in the judicial processes preceding the canonization of saints. If after a careful study of this evidence he shall still refuse to believe, then he will dispute anything, and it is no use arguing with such a person. But given the facts, it is unphilosophical to have recourse to occult natural powers to explain the mystery. For in many instances the circumstances are so simple, the forces at work are so obvious, that it is ridiculous to suppose natural agencies to be called into play beyond what can be observed. Granting that we may not know all nature's forces, at least we know all that exert themselves under the simplest combinations and under the commonest conditions. For remember, these miracles are not wrought with all the apparatus of a conjurer or a magician. There is no stage erected, there are no curtains, no concave mirrors, no double boxes, none of the appliances usual at those places of amusement

where people pay their money to be excitingly deceived. Miracles are as simple nowadays in their operation as they were in the days of Christ and his Apostles. As Christ worked his wonders with short, plain utterances and little ado, so now a few common words are spoken, some ordinary water is drunk, a relic is applied, and suddenly, beyond all proportion to the material means employed, an astounding effect takes place. And that unbelievers themselves are convinced these results cannot be produced by natural forces, occult or otherwise, is proved by the circumstance that for the most part they deny the fact in the teeth of overwhelming evidence. Having it at their choice to elect between one interruption of nature's laws and another, they find it more to their taste to believe the greater miracle and to deny the less—they will rather believe thousands of people to have been miraculously deceived as to the simplest facts that can fall under the cognizance of the human senses, than admit a principle against which *a priori* they have not a single valid objection, to wit, that God can and does occasionally make visible his governing hand in the direction of human affairs.

Such conduct is due to inveterate prejudice, the causes of which are betrayed in some of the objections to miracles. Thus it is urged that so many reputed miracles have been admittedly mere fancies or impostures, and that the people are so very credulous; that no one believes certain of the legends of the middle ages, and that the rule is a good one—*ex uno disce omnes*. I reply, leave the doubtful cases, and form your judgment on a few of the best-authenticated examples. A whole system of things is not discredited because there have been regarding it a host of mistakes. No man doubts the explanation of the solar system given by the astronomers of to-day, because the cumbrous apparatus of

their brethren of a thousand years back, with its cycles and epicycles, has been thrown ignominiously into the lumber-room of exploded theories. A man may believe that he has, in a fossil, the record of an extinct species, though he knows that it was once fashionable to say that fossils were generated by the sun, or produced by the plastic powers of the earth. The presence of a thousand quacks in London is no reason why the citizens should spurn the services of the good physicians. It is unreasonable then to reject the genuine because of the coexistence of the spurious; it is unreasonable to reject true miracles because of pseudo-miracles. We have fact and fable mingled together; where we can, let us separate the fact from the fable. It is what we do with profane records.

Again, it is objected that an old Saxon monk, had he found out that a speech, reported to him as having been delivered in America five minutes before, really had been so delivered, would have certainly concluded that nothing short of an angel could have brought the news so speedily. But I deny the force of the objection on several grounds. For first, in the slow progress of human science we have a guarantee against anything like the electric telegraph being discovered and brought into practical use darkly and on the sly. Neither was the laying down of the Atlantic cable an easy secret to keep. There is not on record a single discovery of any magnitude that has been the private work of one man. Electricity has been known for hundreds of years. Its application as a working power has been a gradual progress observable to all observers. Then again, if the telegraph escaped the notice of a poor monk, when he came to proclaim his imagined miracle to the world, there would be better informed heads to correct his error. But not the profoundest man of science can

give any satisfactory account of our more palpable miracles. They cannot tell us, for instance, why a large extent of diseased structure in the human frame should *suddenly* be restored to its healthy condition by a draught of pure water.* Nerve-force is so unaccountable a thing that we can allow for a sudden nervous change on the application of a stimulant, mental or physical. But the tissues are built up and repaired by a slow process, through the nutriment supplied by the blood; hence it is not in nature that a sudden restoration should take place in this quarter. So that in these cases "monkish ignorance" is no argument for adversaries to lay hold of. Lastly, in the supposed instance of the Saxon monk, there must have been a wilful deceiver at work. But in many of our miracles it is demonstrable that there are no knaves in the transaction, and moreover there are no electric machines or any apparatus for imposing upon the simple. All is above board. Would that our critics were as honest in their examination as are the actors in the cases to which we invite their attention!

To conclude, I have urged at some length the unreasonableness of the hypothesis of occult causes, because I feel sure that to destroy it is to destroy the only plausible ground that consistently scientific men have for the rejection of all miracles. For those who say that even the best-authenticated of our facts are not as stated, speak thus either because they have not fully weighed the evidence, or for another reason, which it is not polite to mention. Now this denial of miracles *in toto*, is a throwing overboard of far the most obvious, often the only, means whereby to come to the knowledge of religion. Even Rousseau perceived that if we could have miracles, they were the surest and easiest proofs of the Divine Being and of Divine revelation. "This character," he says, "is, with-

out contradiction, the most luminously striking, one which cannot miss being seen, and which, showing itself by a sudden, sensible effect, appears to demand least examination. For this cause the common people, who are incapable of carrying on a train of reasoning, are particularly taken with a miracle." And Paley quotes from a Protestant missionary *History of Greenland*, the opinion that "they (the Greenlanders) would never be converted till they saw miracles wrought as in the Apostles' days, and this they expected and demanded of their instructors." With this idea the most remarkable religious record in the world—the only unbroken religious tradition that pretends to be commensurate with the whole duration of the human race up to this time—is in the completest harmony. The Old Testament insists on the constant recurrence of miracles. To separate the miraculous portion from the Jewish history is not to lop off an accidental excrescence; it is to destroy its very essence. I know certain biblical commentators have ventured on the separation. But I also know that St. Paul has this class of men in mind when he says, "Some going astray have turned unto foolish speech, wishing to be doctors of the law, but understanding neither what they say nor of what matters they are making assertions." Perhaps nowhere could a host of more silly utterances be found than in the pages of biblical critics of the rationalistic school. In order to pervert a text they dig for old roots, five or six languages deep, till they arrive at some radicle that suits their purpose; then up they come, bringing their fossils with them, that with the dead they may dispossess the living meaning of the language, as it was understood at the time when the Scriptures were written. But this is a comparatively reasonable proceeding by the side of others.

The critics notwithstanding, there-

* Vide M. Lasserre's *History of Lourdes*.

fore, it remains true that miracles are of the very substance of the Old Testament. Miraculous too is the link between the Old Testament and the New. Prophecies and types demonstrably set forth long before, and afterwards demonstrably realized, the connection of which I speak. But independently of this testimony, Christ's own miracles were alone enough to guarantee his declaration that he was the Son of God. Nor were miracles to cease with him; he promised them to his followers. "If you believe in me," he says, "the works that I do, you shall do also, and greater than these shall you perform." "These signs shall follow those who believe; in my name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak in new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they drink anything deadly it shall not harm them; they shall lay their hands upon the sick and these shall be healed." How Christ's promises were fulfilled, as far as the Acts of the Apostles testify, is pretty well known. But few consider the witness that is borne by later authorities to the continuation of the prodigies. The declarations of early fathers and ecclesiastical writers are abundant and unmistakably plain; so that there is absolutely no alternative between believing these great men, and setting them down as most unprincipled conspirators, leagued together for the propagation of a most barefaced system of lies, the refutation of which must have been the easiest thing possible to adversaries living in the very midst of the reported wonders, and challenged to come and make proof of them. The Christian witnesses are either true speakers or deliberate deceivers; they could not have been innocent dupes; the facts they assert are often of too obvious a character to admit of deception.

One should be careful, however, before pronouncing men, revered for centuries throughout the Christian world, to be the vilest of im-

postors. Listen now to a few gleanings from their testimony as to facts for the most part perceptible to the five senses, without aid from modern science. St. Clement of Rome, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, warns those possessed of supernatural discernment against being proud of their endowments. He implies, therefore, that they had these gifts. St. Ignatius the Martyr once and again asserts himself to have been under the guidance of supernatural inspiration. Quadratus in his *Apolo-gy* says, "There flourished also among the successors of the Apostles many others holding the position of chiefs, who, after they had laid the foundations of the faith in certain remote and barbarous places, hastened away to fresh countries, accompanied by the power and grace of God. The virtue of the Divine Spirit, through their instrumentality, wrought here likewise many miracles, so that at the first hearing of these preachers, whole peoples embraced with alacrity the worship of God." St. Justin thus taunts the Jews: "Amongst us there still abide the gifts of prophecy; whence you ought to know that what formerly belonged to you, has now been made over to us." "Often," says St. Irenæus, "amongst the brethren, at the request of the whole body of the faithful, who urged their entreaty with many prayers and fastings, a soul departed has returned to the body. . . . Some do most truly and unmistakably drive out devils, so that many who are troubled with evil spirits are brought to embrace our religion and remain faithful to the Church. Others have received the gifts of prophecy and of visions. Others heal the sick by the imposition of hands. Why say more? It were impossible to enumerate all the gifts which the Church throughout the world has received in the name of him that was crucified under Pontius Pilate, and which she daily uses for the benefit of the nations."

Tertullian boldly challenges his adversaries as follows: "Bring forth before your tribunals a man who is well known to be possessed by a demon. The evil spirit, at the bidding of a Christian—any one you like—will as truly confess himself to be a devil as elsewhere he will falsely proclaim himself a god." He then calls on them to confront a Christian with some of the pagan seers, and offers to let the blood of the Christian answer for it, unless the demons are again forced to acknowledge themselves. "What more trustworthy," he asks, "than proof like this? Truth in all its simplicity is manifest before you." Origen bears the like testimony. "Even nowadays among Christians there are tokens of the presence of the Holy Ghost, who came down in the form of a dove. For they cast out devils, they heal diseases, they foresee the future. . . . Many have embraced the Christian religion, as it were, in spite of themselves, being suddenly seized by some spirit, whether in a vision or in a dream; so that setting aside the hatred that they had conceived for our faith, they were resolved in its defence to lay down their lives. We ourselves have known many such cases; but were we to record them, though we were eye-witnesses of the facts, we should merely afford matter for pleasant mirth to the skeptical." Minutius Felix adds his confirmation: "These things, as many of you know, the devils themselves confess, as often as, by our torturing words and by the fire of our prayers, they are drawn forth from men's bodies." As a last specimen, hear the words of Lactantius: "At the name of Christ the demons tremble, and cry out that they are burning or being scourged; asked who they are, and when they came and entered into the man, they declare everything; and being tortured and tormented by the power of the Divine Name they depart."*

* Vide Migne. Curs. Theolog., tom. iii.

At all these testimonies it is easy to scoff; it is harder to explain how, on the hypothesis of their worthlessness, so many excellent and able men have acted the part either of knaves or of fools. But it is not attempted to upset our witnesses by strict logic. There is a sad truth in Professor Tyndall's words, that there is "a logical feebleness" in science, and that science "keeps down the weed of superstition, not by logic, but by *slowly rendering the mental soil unfit for its cultivation.*" Let it keep down superstition by all means; but let it beware lest, under the name of superstition, it keep down something that cannot with impunity be suppressed. It is something of an admission to allow that science overturns religion—for to the writer of the above words all religion, ordinarily so called, comes under superstition—not by reasoning, but by the special habit of mind that it generates. St. Paul has his description of this habit of mind; and if St. Paul is any authority, his words are most alarming. At least they should prompt a man to serious inquiry. Otherwise, if he should happen to find himself face to face with God after death—and many adversaries allow this to be at least a possible contingency—it would be an awkward question to be asked, Did you strive as earnestly to come to the knowledge of the Deity as you did to make acquaintance with some branch of science that very much interested you? And if specially interrogated on the subject of miracles, it would be a sorry reply to have to say, "Lord, I assumed miracles to be *a priori* impossible. Hence I despised any one who spoke to me of them; and it would to me have been an occasion of intense shame had I been discovered, by one of my scientific brethren, to have entertained for a moment the idea of seriously taking up the investigation of a matter which we all so much ridiculed."

THEN—AND NOW.

I SAID, "Thy will be done."
 It meant for me, just then, but feeling sure,
 My little baby's soul all white and pure
 Its home with God had won.

It meant, her sweet, sweet heart
 Could never now with woman's sorrows ache,
 Nor bleed to know the dear dead hopes that make
 Of life so sure a part.

It meant, her little mind
 Could never grow to feel the web of care
 Entangled round it, making darkness there
 Till it no light could find.

It meant, her tiny form,
 So dear, so dear, from suffering was free,
 And in its lovely sleep so tenderly
 Removed from earthly harm.

The little face so fair
 With peace, the hands so softly clasping flowers,
 They ne'er had clasped aught else, and Earth's dark powers
 Could now place naught else there.

The baby's wordless cries
 Of pain forever hushed, while near the Throne
 In Heaven's language prayed my little one,
 That I, to it, might rise.

It meant, the royal name,
An Angel's Mother, now on *me* bestowed,
 Winning me honor in the Court of God
 Surpassing earthly fame.

And so to that dear God
 To say, "Thy will be done," was but more deep
 Within my bruised heart the prints to keep
 His feet made as they trod.

But now, but *now*, it seems
 To mean, that on this sad and hungry breast—
 Hung'ring for her—she never more will rest
 And dream her baby-dreams ;

And that, forever, I
Must miss the pretty, eager search for food,
The hands stretched out in sweet, impatient mood,
The little, wistful cry.

The joy no words could tell
To watch her draw my life into her own,
That priceless joy to mothers given alone,
By mothers loved so well.

It seems to mean, the sight
Of little white robes, useless laid away,
Dear little white robes! to my heart, they say,
“Not us, *but robes of light.*”

It seems to mean, a part
Of my own life into that grave has gone,
Where in her pale sleep lies my little one,
Whilst for it calls my heart.

It seems to mean, the loss
Of what that heart can never find again,
Must long for, and must seek, but all in vain.
Instead, it finds the Cross.

It seems to mean, the years
That I, presumptuous, laid out for her life,
Dreaming I with all good could make them rife,
Must now be marked with tears.

Upon thy white couch laid,
Whilst brightest flow'rs around thy sweet form smiled,
Thou wert a lovely sight, my own, own child,
I scarce could think thee dead.

But now, when time has flown,
The time they said would heal, and all in vain
I long to press thee to my heart again,
I feel, indeed, thou'rt gone.

But though thus bitter now
The pain of this heart-wound, I know that still
'Tis but the working of the dear God's will,
And so I still can bow

Beneath the bleeding feet,
Fast to the Cross of Calv'ry nailed for me,
And there, I still can say, my God, to Thee—
Knowing that, far more sweet

Because from suff'ring won,
My prayer will be unto Thy list'ning ear,
And, for its sorrow, to Thy heart more dear—
“Thy holy will be done!”

LOVE'S CONQUEST.

MRS. JOHN ROLANDSON, sitting in solitary state at her handsome breakfast-table, read with curiously mingled emotions a foreign letter, just received. Time, place, and education must be seriously weighed, to comprehend her state of mind. It was anniversary week, so dear to Boston Protestants. In plain view from the windows of her suburban residence lay the old Puritan city; above the green trees of the Common rose the steeple of Park Street Church, and behind it, hidden from sight, but clear and dear in Mrs. Rolandson's memory, was the "Old South," of which her father and her father's father had been members.

Mrs. Rolandson was an orthodox Congregationalist of the strictest sect. Had the Old South come under the hammer in her day, she would have taxed tongue and purse and influence to save it, but no dream of such a disaster had ever crossed her mind. She was an influential member of Bible Society, Tract Society, Dorcas Society; it was more than rumored that some widely circulated tracts were the work of her active brain. When one by one her husband and her children died, leaving her at forty a widow with an only son, Jaspar, she threw herself more ardently than ever before into religious works, thus to dull the heartache, and quiet the haunting memories of the past.

She had always planned that Jaspar should become a minister, but he himself crushed all such hopes. Not only did he refuse to study for so high an office, but he scorned the thought of any profession whatever, rebelled against a collegiate course even amidst the classic shades of Harvard, developed a decided business talent, and entered a store en-

gaged in the foreign fruit trade. Bringing to his work not only money and name, but a hearty liking for the occupation, he rose steadily and quickly, and while still a very young man was admitted as junior member of the firm.

In spite of the disappointment he had caused her, he was the very pride and joy of his mother's heart. She was a tall and stately woman, but she looked small beside her son's broad shoulders and unusual height, while her brunette locks, early and beautifully white, were in striking contrast to his tawny hair and beard, blue eyes, and Saxon color. He was a pattern son in his devotion to his mother; no other lady had ever shared her place in his heart, his evenings were given to her, she knew all his friends, pleasures, and occupations, and thought his life, morally, as spotless and honorable as that of any man she had ever met. But, religiously, Jaspar failed her. Once a week, upon "the Sabbath," he went with her to meeting, stood in the pew with his arms folded upon his sturdy chest, and his eyes raised to the sounding-board as if it possessed some charm to hold them until the final amen released them, listened to the sermon with unflagging attention and a gaze as steady upon the preacher's face as it had been upon the sounding-board one half hour before; then he came home, and picked prayer and sermon to pieces with a withering sarcasm which from anybody else would have roused Mrs. Rolandson's utmost ire, but from him was received with grief indeed, but also with admiration, for what was in truth a very clever mind. Sometimes she lamented, for his sake, that they were not living in the city, where they could go to the Old South as his forefathers had

done, or to some other place of worship where the finest preachers were to be heard; but Jaspar scouted the idea.

"I tell you, mother," he would say, but the words would be accompanied by a smile and a tone which charmed half their bitterness away, "it's not the *man* that can make any difference with me, nor the eloquence. I'm no logician and no theologian, but there's a root idea wrong somewhere in your Puritan system."

So Jaspar Rolandson never gave a penny to the Foreign Missionary Society, which was his mother's favorite benefaction. "It only teaches the heathen how Christians hate one another," he said; and he made fun of her tracts, and took a wicked pleasure in drawing her attention to the irreverent witticisms which decorated the pages of the Bibles left by her beloved Bible Society in steamboat saloons and railway stations. But Mrs. Rolandson knew that the old applewomen on the Common, and the newsboys on 'change, and downtrodden needlewomen, and clerks in straitened circumstances, thought, and had good reason to think Jaspar the prince of merchants, in his unfailing daily thoughtful kindness; so she buoyed her heart with texts about him who shows mercy to the poor and needy, and hoped for some future day when her Jaspar surely would be converted.

By and by he had to leave her for awhile; he was sent to Italy on business. Mrs. Rolandson lamented his lack of serious interest in spiritual matters, for he might have sent her, she said, such a good account of the religious destitution of that benighted and superstitious land; his one scholarly talent had been for languages, and he had carefully cultivated it; it would have given him great influence for good over the misguided people whom he was about to meet.

"I will do my best, mother,"

Jaspar promised. "If I cannot influence them after your fashion, at least I will let you know their condition faithfully. It won't be the first thing of the kind that I have done, and in fact I am glad of any change in the present style of religion."

From that time Mrs. Rolandson lived in a kind of dream. She used to say afterwards that she seemed to herself like a target, against which one arrow after another was sent by a marksman whose unerring aim it was impossible to foresee or escape. She dreaded and she longed for the letters which came each week with unfailing regularity across the sea. From the outset her boy was in the enemy's camp, and from the outset he appeared to feel, and not to hate, the enemy's deadly fascinations. A Catholic priest had the stateroom next his own. Four Sisters of Charity were among the passengers, and even occasionally to be seen in their quaint garb.

"These sisters, poor, misguided beings," Jaspar wrote to his mother, "shun all intercourse with us who could teach them the better way. We have had a great scare on board, although, fortunately, only a few of us know of it. There is a case of spotted fever, an old negro who was employed by the steward. They have shut him up in some safe out-of-the-way hole, and one of the sisters is nursing him, as pleased with the chance, so the surgeon expresses it, as if she were in heaven. How I long for some of your tracts to send to her. She might profit by them in her solitude."

And again: "This priest is really a capital travelling companion. He is actually a scholar and a gentleman, and sometimes I could almost fancy him a Christian, only of a different sort from any I ever saw before. He is certainly very accomplished, perhaps the most thoroughly educated man I ever met, and yet, so far as I can see, he believes thoroughly, and

is perfectly contented with, the system which he professes. Odd, isn't it?"

Then when he reached Europe, there came one account after another of churches, hospitals, organized work for helping the poor, descriptions of Catholic friends whom Jasper wished she could meet, till Mrs. Rolandson knew not whither to turn in the perplexity into which her mind was thrown; and now, on this dull May morning, there fell upon her like a thunderbolt the news which Jasper's latest letter contained.

"I have often written to you of my friend the Marquis D'Avila and his sister Lady Lucia, and I have tried to tell you how lovely she is. Mother, have you a place in your heart for a daughter who bears your own Lucy's name and is willing to take mine? It will not pain you that she is a foreigner, but you will grieve because she is a Catholic. However, I must tell you now what I have long wanted to tell you, that nothing but the Catholic Church can ever make a Christian of me. I *must* have something tangible and authoritative and unerring, if I am to submit myself to any religious organization. You will say, in pitying wonder at my weakness, that my reason has not been convinced; that I become a Catholic only because I love a Catholic. I beg your pardon, mother; my reason was convinced before ever I saw Lady Lucia, but my pride would not bend itself to the humiliation of the confessional, nor was I willing to declare myself a Christian. If for my complete conversion God made use of a woman's holy life, and her steadfast determination to renounce an earthly love rather than marry one who did not hold the true Faith, it is not the first time he has used such means to work his will. I have little to tell you of 'experiences,' or 'feelings,' or 'inward assurances.' If there is a Church, it is my *duty* to belong to it, and that settles the matter. I

have this week received the sacraments, and I am, thank God, a Catholic.

"It is an abrupt way of stating it, but how can I write in any other way? I know that no argument could alter the decision of your judgment that earthly motives alone could work such changes, and so all your friends will tell you. Mother, I long to see you. Come to me at once, as soon as you can possibly leave home, and be with us for our wedding, and give this orphan girl a mother, and find a daughter once again in her."

Then, in stiff foreign writing, another hand had added: "Dear Madam, I pray you to come to your Lucia, who craves a little portion of your heart," and in the letter was a sketch of a sweet face, with great dark eyes and sensitive mouth, whose expression betokened to Mrs. Rolandson the innocent, happy, but easily grieved heart of a little girl. Suddenly Mrs. Rolandson bent down and kissed the face. Suddenly all that love which she had fancied was buried deep in her children's graves asserted its old place in her, and clamored for food.

"I want my Lucy, I am going to my Lucy," she sobbed aloud, as if the room were full once more of the large family which she had called her own, instead of being that cheerless void which only sent back an echo to her "Lucy, Lucy."

People talked. Of course they did. Who would have thought it of Jasper Rolandson! Turned Catholic! Marry a Catholic! It could not be possible. And they comforted his mother with the pleasing assurance that it was only a passing delusion; when the flush of his first love was over, he would come to his sober senses, and be what he used to be.

What was it that he used to be? Mrs. Rolandson asked herself. Was she sure she wished him to go back to that mocking talk about holy things, that carelessness about eter-

nity? Still she made no outward resistance to such consolation, and she and her lady friends found singular comfort in two facts connected with the romantic event, Jaspar was going to marry a veritable court lady, and she was exquisitely beautiful.

But deeper than the vanity which it must be owned Mrs. Rolandson felt, there lay ever that yearning to behold this new Lucy, who day by day became to her bereaved heart the Lucy taken from her fifteen years before.

"I love her already, and she is nothing but a child," she said to her pastor, showing him the gentle face; "perhaps I am the instrument ordained to draw her from her erring teachers, and with her Jaspar will waken also from his delusion to better things."

"Yes," said Mr. Oldon absently, and then he brought his hand down hard upon the table. "It passes my comprehension," he said. "Next to the mystery of original sin, comes, to my mind, the mystery of the Catholic Church; steeped in error as we call her, she is the nearest like Almighty God of anything on earth. We Protestants, divided, wrangling, backbiting, are like dwarfs beside her."

Mrs. Rolandson looked her dismay.

"Oh, no fear, no fear," said Mr. Oldon, with a pitiful attempt at a smile. "Rome has no charms for me. But she frets and puzzles me, for I cannot understand her. Good night, Mrs. Rolandson. I will send you the tracts I spoke of," and Mr. Oldon went home to strengthen himself by writing a sermon on the deadly errors of the Catholic Church, and to taint his hearers with a repetition of often-repeated slanders against institutions which nevertheless awed and attracted his inmost soul.

July found Mrs. Rolandson in the port of Havre, marking out easily the towering figure of her son among

the crowd upon the wharves. Their eyes met in greeting before even their hands could meet, and she strove eagerly to read his face. There was a calm there, an earnestness unknown to it before; that was all the difference. When they were settled in the cars, and speeding on to their destination, then, and not till then, the mother asked, slowly and with a fresh wonder in her heart,

"Jaspar, how could you do it? I cannot understand how so strong a soul and so keen a mind as yours could have become enslaved by the Catholic Church."

"I am not going to argue, mother," he answered, and she noted quickly the tone in which he spoke, so changed from the bitter irony, the jesting lightness, to which he had accustomed her. "I can only tell you the truth—the way this matter has presented itself to *me*. Shall I?"

"Shall you!" The tears sprang hotly into Mrs. Rolandson's eyes. "It means much to me, Jaspar. It puts us far apart, and I love you so dearly. I want to know all. Perhaps you will change yet."

"Mother," he said, gravely, "there is no change possible for me—none possible, do you understand, except to become an infidel. Either there is one Church which claims us all, and is mother and mistress of us all, just as there is one Divine Head who is the Lord of us all, or there is no Church and no God."

"But *we* have a church, Jaspar dear."

"Mother! As if you and I do not know well enough that your pastors never dream of teaching that they alone have the needful truth. It seems to me, and I don't mean it harshly, like a farce to think of your divided sects called Christians. It seems a farce to remember how you claim to honor the Bible."

"O, Jaspar! Why? O, Jaspar, how can you say so?"

"For a thousand reasons. Look, there is one now."

He pointed from the window. They were passing a quaint church upon a cliff. A peasant woman was just leaving it; two or three children were going in; the woman had a market-basket on her arm, the children looked as if just from play.

"You used to quote to us," Jaspar said, "that the Lord is in his holy temple, but day after day I saw his temple shut closer and oftener than theatre and concert-room, and opened frigidly on a Sunday for a sermon and a prayer and a chapter. When I came here, I found that these ignorant Catholics, who, it is true, are not always naming the Bible and quoting from it, believe as firmly as that they live and breathe that God is present in their churches, and every day and all day those churches are open, and the poorest and the meanest come there to their home and their comfort, and the actual special presence of their Lord."

"But, Jaspar," his mother gasped in horror, "they are such wicked people."

He smiled sadly. "I am glad there's a chance for the wicked," he said. "O, mother, you Protestants talk of the Bible, and pin your faith to the Bible, but it strikes me you believe in it just about what pleases you. You build up your own little systems to suit yourselves, and that's all. I could not stand it. Grant that many Catholics are wicked, does not the Bible say that tares and wheat shall grow together till the harvest? Who is going to decide between you and me? For I claim that we Catholics honor God's Book quite as truly as you do. And yet I claim that we find there many things that you deny, such as absolution, Transubstantiation, celibacy, the Papacy. There! I find I cannot talk about it to you. It wakens the old bitterness. I feel as if so much of my life had been wasted in the bondage of a false system of religion. But I tell you truly, mother, I was straight on the road to ruin so far as any faith in

God is concerned, when he brought me face to face with a church that believes what he says, and claims fearlessly and openly to be his own and only Church."

"Do you never have any doubts, Jaspar?" Mrs. Rolandson asked.

"Never a one, mother," he answered, with a bright smile. "With me it was a case of going straight to the root of things. When I granted the claim of the Catholic Church to be the only and true Church, I gave my reason and will straight up to her without a question." And then this Boston merchant with his great head and stalwart frame, so strong in body and once so well-balanced in mind, smiled again, but with no trace of bitterness. "What do you say to that, mother?" he asked. "Does it shock you?"

"I acknowledge that it does," she answered. "I can hardly dream of one like you giving up his reason so completely."

"My reason finds sufficient scope yet," said Jaspar, dryly. "In fact, she finds how poor a thing she is, and always has been, compared with the mind of God. But, mother, I have only one thing more to say. You and your set at home besought me, again and again, to be converted, and you besought God to convert me. If you believe your Bible, it ought surely to be to you a sign of grace and a cause for thankfulness that I have yielded myself up wholly, *like a little child*."

The matter had gone deeper with him than Mrs. Rolandson had supposed, yet, when she remembered the beautiful Italian face she took courage.

"Well, Jaspar," she said, "things may change. I still think, and shall always think, that if you had loved a Protestant, you would have adopted her faith as easily as you have now taken this strange step."

He put his hand tenderly on hers. "I have always loved a Protestant," he said. "No, mother dear, the work was God's work. It is you

who will find that out, some future happy day, please God. It would not surprise me, if, by loving certain Catholics whom I know, you should come to love their Mother Church also. You don't know what you are going to meet. I have often laughed when thinking of you and Lucia together. She has never met a Protestant like you, and I am sure you have never seen any one like her."

And, indeed, she was different from any one whom Mrs. Rolandson had ever seen. It is to be acknowledged that most persons had been wont to stand somewhat in awe of that stately lady; she inspired admiration in almost all, but won real love from very few. Children never came and caressed her of their own accord; none had ever done so, except that little Lucy, who had died so many years ago, and for whose clinging arms and lavish kisses her mother had never ceased to long. This new Lucia, meeting her without a thought or a sign of fear, broke down, by one shy bewitching glance, one tender word, one kiss of a true and unsought fondness for her new mother, every icy barrier of Mrs. Rolandson's nature, and reigned queen in her heart at once.

Jaśpar had never seen his mother so completely overcome. He remembered, indeed, that on the day of his little sister's death, their mother had stayed alone, locked in her room with the lifeless body, for many hours; but when she came among them again, she wore a look of stern composure which nothing altered, and with the same fortitude she had met every after-grief. But now she cried as if her very heart would break. It seemed that the mere sight of eyes so full of love that had no thought of concealing itself, the mere sound of such fearless caressing words, the mere touch of fingers, small and soft like a little child's, nestling confidently in her own, woke every memory of love and joy and bereavement, and she clung to

Lucia as though she could never let her go.

"I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you!" she said, her hungry heart taking its revenge upon her for her stern, self-imposed silence, and now that she had broken that silence, making her almost foolish in her mingled sorrow and gladness. "God has given you to me that I may love you! He has given me my own Lucy, my own little daughter, back again!"

She was warm with excitement and fatigue, and besides, she felt with unusual quickness the difference of climate and atmosphere, and so it came to pass that for the first time in her life she fell ill with what she had always regarded with contempt and disbelief, "nothing but nervous weakness." And so it came to pass also that she was taken straight into Lucia's home, where the faintness and loss of strength had come suddenly upon her, and was made an inmate there before the wedding.

For a few days she lay, heeding scarcely anything, except that fair childlike presence that moved about like a noiseless cloud of mingled grateful shadow and gentle sunshine; then, one morning, she woke, quite early, as from a long sleep and a pleasant dream.

Day must have dawned, she knew, for she heard the city clock striking five; but the curtains were closed, and only candlelight was in the room. For the first time she looked about her with interest. It was a lofty room in which she lay, frescoed and hung in antique fashion, but the light was too dim and indistinct for her to trace the patterns. She turned her head in the direction from which light came, and saw a small alcove, and in the alcove Lucia was kneeling.

Mrs. Rolandson was feebly sensible that by the codes of her former faith and practice she ought to feel horrified and distressed. She had never seen an altar, but what she now

saw must be like an altar she was sure. It was adorned with laces and silks; vases of flowers were on it, and before a tall and beautifully carved ivory image of the Divine Child and Mother two wax candles were burning. Lucia's hands were clasped tightly, and her eyes were raised to this "image." Mrs. Rolandson groaned.

At once Lucia rose and came to her. There was not the slightest shade of embarrassment upon her face. It struck Mrs. Rolandson oddly that, though she had before sometimes surprised persons at their prayers, she had never seen such perfect composure.

"You might have thought she was only sewing," Mrs. Rolandson said afterwards, "only there was a look in her eyes that I never have seen except in Catholics."

"Do you want me, dearest?" Lucia said, the Italian word of endearment falling like music on the loving ears that heard it.

"I shall always want you, Lucy," Mrs. Rolandson answered. "Things are so very strange. I do not feel like myself. It is as if years and years had gone away in a dream."

"You have been ill," said Lucia, in a soothing voice.

"I know it," Mrs. Rolandson replied. "But it is more than that. It is the past years that have gone out of my mind; and all the time, when you are not here, I want my Lucy, my little Lucy. Ah, you do not know what it is to have a daughter that loves you and kisses you, and belongs to you—a little wee thing that gets just old enough to know you and call you mother, and then to have her die."

"No," said Lucia, dreamily, as she knelt beside the bed, holding Mrs. Rolandson's hand in hers, "no, I never knew that. But I have often thought how beautiful it must be. Such mothers must be very happy."

"Happy!" and Mrs. Rolandson started with the keenness of her

heartache. "Lucy, I have never known what fresh, sweet, *real* happiness is since then. How can you call it happiness?"

Lucia gazed at her in great surprise.

"Oh!" she sighed, "is it possible, you do not feel it then, the joy? Of course, the arms are empty, but the heart, the heart, God makes it very full."

"Full of pain," Mrs. Rolandson replied sadly.

"I cannot pronounce your English very well," said Lucia; "but I have been used to read it since I was a little girl. One day I found a poem which I loved. It made me think such mothers as you speak of must be very happy mothers. Shall I tell it to you?"

"O yes, O yes," Mrs. Rolandson said, earnestly, though not because of a desire to hear the verses, but only to hear that sweet voice say anything at all to her, and to keep the sweet face longer beside her own.

Through the curtain, swaying in the cool morning air, a bird's song pierced musically, but Mrs. Rolandson did not heed it. Heart and ears alike were holden by a deeper spell; and her eyes were riveted on the calm young face beside her, that seemed all the while to be full of prayer, as if, in some way which Mrs. Rolandson could not discover, the words the girl was uttering became to her mind a prayer. She never imagined for an instant that she who had been safely and surely "converted" in her very childhood was, and for many weeks had been, the theme of Lucia's very ardent petitions: "Convert her to thy true Church, Blessed Lord." But Lucia remembered, and was pleading now, as in the stillness she repeated, with sweet Italian accents, the sweet English poetry:

"Our God in Heaven from that holy place,
To each of us an Angel-guide has given;
But mothers of dead children have more grace,
For they give Angels to their God and Heaven."

"How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary,
Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
How can she feel her road too dark or dreary,
Who knows her treasure sheltered from the
storm?"

"How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding,
Our God forgot, our holy saints defied;
But can a mother hear her dead child pleading,
And thrust those little angel hands aside?"

"Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
Nearer to God by mother-love: we all
Are blind and weak, yet surely she can never,
With such a stake in Heaven, fail or fall."

"She knows that when the mighty Angels raise
Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
Is hers forever, that one little praise,
One little happy voice, is all her own."

"We may not see her sacred crown of honor,
But all the Angels, flitting to and fro,
Pause, smiling as they pass—they look upon her
As mother of an Angel whom they know;"

"One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
The children's place in Heaven—who softly
sings
A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
Or smiling strokes their little folded wings;"

"Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
To play with: yet, in spite of flower or song,
They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
And asks her why their mother stays so long."

"Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call
Her very soon: meanwhile they are beguiled
To wait and listen, while she tells them all
A story of her Jesus as a child."

"Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
And pity for their weak and erring brothers:
Yet there is prayer in Heaven more tender still—
The little children pleading for their mothers."

The tears of "silly nervousness" were streaming down Mrs. Rolandson's face again. "O, I have often thought it," she exclaimed. "I have often fancied she prayed for me, my little girl. Then you think so, too, Lucy? But O, you don't believe all the rest—the beads, and the intercession of the saints, and the Queen of Heaven? You weren't praying to that image in there, were you, Lucy? I am sure you don't believe all that."

Lucy gazed at her, half in doubt and half in pity. Was Mrs. Rolandson delirious, she thought, in her simplicity, or was this the way that Protestants generally talked? In either case, however, the same gentle answer could be made, and she made it with soothing gestures and caresses, to still the tumult of her patient's mind.

"Yes, dearest, all the rest. It is no harm, truly, only you do not understand yet; you are ill. But of course I do not pray to the Madonna's statue there."

"You kneeled to it. You lifted up your hands to it; you kissed its feet. I saw you."

None of this did Lucia appear at all unwilling to acknowledge, but she looked thoughtful. At last she said:

"You kissed my likeness when you saw it; Jaspas told me so. You call me Lucy, and not Lucia. Why, dearest?"

"You are like her," Mrs. Rolandson sobbed; "you make me think of her. I love your very shadow on the wall."

"Yes," said Lucia, with a long, soft, happy sigh; "yes, that it is. These beads, these pictures, this dear statue, they make me think of her. I love them for her most sweet sake. And she—"

Lucia drew her hands from Mrs. Rolandson's clinging fingers, and folded them reverently upon her bosom; she lifted her eyes, full of that ardent look of love and prayer, away from Mrs. Rolandson's face, upward to God.

"She makes me think of our dear Lord," she said.

For awhile there was silence in the room as though they were in church. Then Mrs. Rolandson spoke timidly, as if for the first time in her life she realized that she was speaking of what, to others, if not to her, were very holy things.

"Why do you think so much of the Madonna?" she said. "Why do you care for her?"

The look of wonder and pity deepened on Lucia's face. "Dear madam," she said, "before ever I saw you I loved you, because you are Jaspas's mother, but our Blessed Lady is the mother of my Lord."

Mrs. Rolandson asked no more questions then, but she thought much. And like a magnet the ivory

statue in the alcove drew her eyes to it with an ever-increasing power of fascination. How often she had spoken, in prayer-meetings at home, of the necessity laid upon us to love all that the Redeemer loved! Now she watched the holy child in his resting-place upon Mary's breast, and with no effort of her will she dwelt upon those long hours and days and months when his chosen resting-place was there, and his heart beat against her heart, and she was his mother and his home, his food and his support. And vaguely she remembered a certain psalm that spoke of love for the place where God's glory dwelleth, as well as for the God of glory himself.

When Lucia bade her good-night Mrs. Rolandson asked longingly: "Tell me, Lucy, tell me *truly*, do you love the Madonna?"

The sweet color flushed into Lucia's face. She answered with a saint's holy words and not her own, but they were spoken from the depths of her full heart, and with the love-light in her eyes.

"She is my mother," was all she said.

"*Before ever I saw you, I loved you, because you are Jaspar's mother, but Our Blessed Lady is the mother of my Lord.*"

The words haunted Mrs. Rolandson. They impelled her thoughts in one direction constantly. When, on her recovery, she visited picture galleries, she was sure to become so charmed by some Madonna or Holy Family, or Mother of Sorrows, that her attention could with difficulty be drawn to anything else. If she went to beautiful churches, it was certain that she would soon and suddenly be missing, and her companions knew at last where they would always find her, before Our Lady's altar, gazing with hungry eyes at the happiest and holiest of mothers with the Lord of the whole universe resting, a meek and tender infant, on her breast. Sometimes they who sought her saw

her lips moving, but they made no observation to her, though they hoped she prayed. She would have denied it vehemently had they asked her. No, she was only repeating what Lucia had said to her: "Our Blessed Lady is the mother of our Lord. She is my mother."

And presently she began to say more than this—stealing away by herself into church or chapel, though still she protested to herself that she was not praying to the Madonna; no, indeed, she could never think of such a thing. She was only talking to her, that was all.

"Do you love my little Lucy?" she used to say below her breath. "Are you looking at her now? Do you take good care of her? Surely there can be no harm in supposing that she is with you, and you with her. You must be somewhere, and why not together?"

And then, even the thought of her little Lucy became merged in one more deep and dear, the thought of the love of the child Jesus for his mother, and of her love and care for him. And musing upon this one day, Jaspar's words came to her mind: "If you believe your Bible, it ought surely to be to you a sign of grace, and a cause for thankfulness that I have yielded myself up wholly, *like a little child.*"

Like a little child? What child? Perfect example for all mankind, he lay before her, the King of kings, the Lord of lords, become, of his own free choice, a helpless babe in Mary's arms.

"Mother of Christ!" Mrs. Rolandson cried, without stopping to consider at all whether she was praying or only talking; "mother of Christ! our Lord loved you. I love you too! You taught him to speak, and he talked to you, and I want to talk to you too. I love you, for he loved you. I love you, for you loved him. It is necessary that I should love you, and I must do it, and I want to do it."

And so she did, ardently, humbly, gladly, all the rest of her days. Protestants who asked her reasons for becoming a Catholic always declared themselves extremely dissatisfied. She had nothing to tell them except, "I could not help myself. I loved Our Blessed Lady, my Saviour's mother and my mother. I could not help it—I *had* to be in the Church

that loved and honored her as he did."

But Catholics smiled joyfully when they heard what Mrs. Rolandson had to say. "Love is better than reason," they said confidently, "and the soul is a safe and happy soul whom Our Blessed Lady herself leads home to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning,
Sitting alone in the sun ;
The dream that I spun was so lengthy,
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bees or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the thread for my spinning
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was flooding the western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown,
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the silent day had flown.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left my dream on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning,
To the place where my spinning lay :
There was nothing but glistening dewdrops
Remained of my dream to-day.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

As the commonplace of society has it, Sheil was well born. His mother, Catherine MacCarthy, was a descendant of the Counts MacCarthy, who fled from Ireland during the operation of the penal code, and purchased an estate at Toulouse, in France, where they long resided. His father, Edward Sheil, amassed a fortune in Spain, and invested it near Waterford. Richard was born at Bellevue, the paternal estate, on the 16th of August, 1791. His father's comfortable circumstances enabled the son to profit by the services of a French tutor, a clergyman exiled by the revolution. On the publication of the Peace of Amiens, the abbé returned to his native land, and Sheil was sent to the school at Kensington, England, established by the son of General de Broglie, and patronized chiefly by the families of the French nobility. Sheil, who possessed a faculty for pithy and picturesque description, has left a graphic account of his school life. He speaks of Kensington House as old-fashioned, with many remains of decayed glory; the moment he entered it his ears were filled "with the shrill vociferations of some hundreds of little emigrants, who were engaged in their various amusements, and babbled, screamed, laughed, and shouted in all the velocity of their rapid and joyous language." The Prince de Broglie was "a little, slender, and gracefully constructed abbé, with a sloping forehead, on which the few hairs that were left him were nicely arranged, and well powdered and pomatumed." Sheil's companions, notwithstanding that they had found in England a refuge from the revolution, loved English soil no more on that account, and every French victory was welcomed with ecstasies of

boyish excitement. On one occasion, among the visitors came no less a personage than he who was afterwards Charles X, and when he appeared the boys set up "a shrill shout of beardless loyalty," "*Vive le Roi!*" The expectant king went down among them, and was sensibly affected on discovering, exiled in childhood, the heirs of many of the foremost families of France, orphaned by the guillotine of the revolution. Sheil's association, on terms of perfect equality, with the flowers of the nobility of the *ancien régime*, must have tended toward making him aristocratic in social ideas, and a monarchist in politics. He found among these boys, and in the company of such of their relatives as were able to visit them, that elegance of address, the innate refinement, the exquisite sense of honor, the perfect courtesy, and the Christian virtue, which combine to form the ideal of the French gentleman. The affection which the older members of these families expressed for the younger ones also sensibly affected him, accustomed as he was to the colder conduct of the men who spoke his own language. Indeed the French exiles planted, as it were, a little tropical circle in a social zone excessively frigid, and Sheil's ardent nature, Gallic in part, luxuriated in the grateful warmth.

"Old gentlemen," he writes, "the neatness of whose attire was accompanied by indications of indigence, used occasionally to visit at Kensington House. Their elasticity of back, the frequency and gracefulness of their well-regulated bows, and the perpetual smile upon their wrinkled and emaciated faces, showed that they had something to do with the *Vieille Cour*; and this conjecture

was frequently confirmed by the embrace with which they folded the little marquises and counts whom they came to visit." Sheil saw only the gracious aspect of this melancholy and sympathetic picture. He thought of the French aristocracy only as the pride and the honor of that nation. The revolution, which slew so many distinguished nobles and expelled most of those whose lives it capriciously spared, appeared to him hideous and brutal, while the conviction must have also involuntarily stolen upon him that revolution, in this instance, was synonymous with democracy. His youthful mind was incapable of analyzing the causes which precipitated that catastrophe, or of associating with the crown or the court any measure of responsibility for the awful consequences. Like O'Connell, the hideous facts of the revolution made him a conservative, and thus, in his very childhood, he received the indelible impressions which fitted him to be the liberator's colleague and lieutenant.

His tutor at Kensington having been sent to China as a missionary, Sheil was transferred to Stonyhurst, where the Jesuits had established a flourishing school on a portion of an estate purchased from the Duke of Norfolk by a Mr. Weld, who had been educated at St. Omer's, and who offered a foundation to his old masters when the revolutionary tide forced them from the continent. Sheil has drawn several striking portraits of the men with whom he was connected in the later period of his boyhood, and lavishes eulogy upon their personal virtues as well as the *esprit de corps* which animated them.

"At the head of the college was the rector of the English province, Rev. Dr. Stone. He was a man whom neither his long vigils, nor his habits of abstinence, could reduce into the meagritude of sanctity, and who by his portly belly and rosy countenance, seemed to bid defiance

to the power of fasting and the devotion of prayer. Nothing could subdue his goodly corpulency, or invest his features with the emaciation which ordinarily attends the habits of mortification and self-denial which he practiced. He was the most uninterruptedly devout person I have ever seen, and verified those descriptions of lofty holiness with which the writings of Alban Butler (the uncle of the celebrated conveyancer) had rendered us familiar. The students were accustomed to the perusal of the lives of the saints, and found in Dr. Stone (except in his external configuration, in which Guido would certainly not have selected a model), a realization of those pictures of exalted piety which occur in the pages of that learned compiler. He seemed to be in a perpetual commerce with heaven."

Another man who inspired Sheil's admiration, and left a strong impression on his character, was the superior of novices, Father Plowden, a descendant of Edmund Plowden, the great English lawyer of the reign of Queen Mary, the family having kept the faith. Father Plowden had been educated in Rome, and was transferred to St. Omer's after spending many years in Italy. "He was a perfect Jesuit of the old school. His mind was stored with classical knowledge; his manners were highly polished; he had great eloquence, which was alternately vehement and persuasive, as the occasion put his talents into requisition; and with his various accomplishments, he combined the loftiest enthusiasm for the advancement of religion, and an utter immolation of himself to the glory of the Order, of which he was unquestionably a great ornament. Though advanced in years, he stood erect and tall, with all the evidence of strong and inextinguishable vitality about him. His cheek, though worn, had the hues of health upon it, and though his head was quite bald, the vivacity of his eyes, which spoke

their light from beneath broad and shaggy brows, exhibited a mind whose faculties it did not seem to be in the power of time to impair." His gifts of personal attraction and pulpit eloquence did not, however, arouse the enthusiastic affection in which he was held. "It not unfrequently happened that he was informed in the midst of a winter's night that some person at a considerable distance from the college was on the point of death. The old man, who did not seem to know what hardship was, would leap from his hard bed, and having hurried on his clothes, would go forth with a lantern, attended by a lay-brother of the Order, and making his way over the fens and morasses by which the college was surrounded, hasten to the door of the expiring sinner, and arrive at his bedside in time to speed his soul to heaven."

Sheil's studies at Stonyhurst were almost exclusively classical, and his success in their pursuit, to the injurious neglect, perhaps, of science, is constantly exhibited in his oratory, in which classical allusions are sometimes so common as to induce weakness, and present the appearance of affectation.

From Stonyhurst, Sheil went to Trinity College, in which he acquired no distinction, except as an eccentric member of the historical society. His earlier efforts at oratory gave little promise of his future renown. His style was stilted and wearisome, overburdened with ornament, and lacking in incisiveness; he was immersed in the past, and his thoughts were engaged with the nations, the heroes, the achievements, and the literature of antiquity. His voice was shrill, of small register, and of slight volume. His personal manners—abstracted rather than awkward, but never uncouth—won him few friends. He was considered a student of books, with large acquisitive capacity; but nobody suspected that he would ever occupy a front place in the highest

rank of orators. From Dublin he went to Lincoln's Inn, and having completed the law course, returned to Ireland in 1813.

Sheil's dramatic career, brief and not without reward, seems to have been inspired by necessity rather than choice. His father, who was engaged in trade in Dublin, failed, and Sheil found himself without the means necessary to enter upon legal practice. Dramatic writing was at that time as popular as journalism now, and impecunious clever young men, especially Irishmen, turned to it, in the hope of money if not of fame, with the readiness with which their countrymen now flock into newspaper work; and commonly, with the same intention of making it only an accommodating shift—the stepping-stone to something permanent and more profitable. It was in fact a period prolific of all kinds of popular literature, and the stage, and the periodicals, which were gradually being transformed from essays, of which the fashion had been set by Montaigne, and successfully introduced into English by Addison and Steele, into monthlies, weeklies, and dailies, engrossed popular attention to an extraordinary degree. There was an intimate alliance between the dramatic profession and the journalists. They were both revelling in a new license; they employed the same sensational methods of attracting the attention of the government and the people. The reviews, from dealing with men and events of classic or later antiquity, devoted themselves to the discussion of persons and politics; and the stage, elevated by the genius of Shakspeare and the rank of Beaumont from disrepute into respectability, had become the most popular amusement the world has ever known, and had cast aside the themes, the usages, and the traditions of both Sophocles and Shakspeare, in order to represent society as it existed. Light literature, the periodicals, and the drama,

were the attractions of all classes of the people, and the talented among rich and poor equally clamored for distinction in one or the other.

It was essentially a period of literary invention and criticism, brilliant, dazzling, and largely transient. More men and women who wrote, from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth centuries, have been forgotten in proportion to the whole number writing, than at any previous epoch in English, and probably, also, in continental literature; for the same causes of literary production were at work contemporaneously in France. This fecundity was the inevitable result of the splendid success achieved by the few. It was the period of Swift, Goldsmith, Gay, Johnson, Scott, Garrick, Foote, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Talfourd, Southey, Charles Lamb, Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Joanna Baillie, Campbell, Landor, Miss Mitford, Sheridan, Sidney Smith, and a multitude of men and women of less genius, but, while they lived, of as great notoriety. The *Edinburgh Review* had been established by Brougham, Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, and Horner; and the *Quarterly Review* became necessary to counteract its liberal opinions, the latter receiving its chief impetus from George Canning, who, in the same year, was challenged and wounded by the Irish traitor, Castlereagh, and who, a few years later, stepped abruptly into the place and power quitted by that misguided man in the infamy of suicide. Byron's savage but not wholly unjust epigram on Castlereagh shows at once the audacious quality of the writing of the time, as well as the estimation in which Englishmen held Irish traitors:

"So he has cut his throat at last! He? Who?
The man who cut his country's long ago."

Both the stage and the press were enjoying, in fact, their first season of carnival; both had been practically emancipated from arbitrary restraints,

with the exception of a libel statute, recourse to which, even in flagrant cases, too often resulted in a farthing's damages and a popular cheer for the defendant, which the latter not unnaturally construed into a cry of "go on!" The press was watched, especially in Ireland, where the iron hand of the government lay very near the editor's pens; but in England and Scotland any man capable of writing bitter brilliancy was sure to find a publisher and plenty of readers. Indeed, the independent condition of the Scottish periodicals attracted the talents of more than one Irishman, and Dr. Maguire was not the only wit who robbed his native land of a son's prestige, in order to increase the circulation of the London and Edinburgh *Reviews*.

It is curious, too, to note in what degree Ireland at that time furnished topics as well as talent to the British press. O'Connell, from 1810 to 1847, was, as he himself was wont to say, "the best-abused man," not in Ireland only, but in the United Kingdom. Even when absent from Parliament, he was the cynosure of all eyes, and the target for every shaft. "There are three great instances on record," says Lecky, "of politicians, discouraged by overwhelming majorities, seceding from Parliament. Grattan gave up his seat, and became utterly powerless in the country. Fox retired from the debate, though retaining his seat, and he, too, for a time, became little more than a cipher. O'Connell followed the example of Fox, but he drew with him the attention of Europe. In no previous portion of his career, not even when he had gained Emancipation from the humbled ministry of Wellington, did he attract greater attention or admiration. Whoever turns over the magazines or newspapers of the period will easily perceive how grandly he had dispelled the indifference that had so long prevailed on Irish questions, how clearly his agitation stands forth as the great

fact of the time." For many years Sheil shared the interest, the hate, and the admiration bestowed on O'Connell.

It was in the drama, however, that Sheil first secured a hearing. A careful authority* states that his three plays—"Adelaide," "Bellarmine," and "Evadne"—"were written, for the purpose of giving new characters for embodiment by Miss O'Neil, the Irish tragedienne," whom D'Arcy McGee characterizes as "accomplished and reproachless," and whose dramatic gifts won for her applause from "English bards and Scotch reviewers," notwithstanding her intense loyalty to her national traditions, and notwithstanding, also, that she suffered the contrast suggested by noted contemporaries, among whom was Mrs. Siddons, whose sun reached its setting as Miss O'Neil's dawned.

The facts appear to be, however, that Sheil wrote "Adelaide" for the purpose of paying the expenses of his call to the bar; and the "Apostate" and "Bellarmine" were inspired by the household necessities which followed his marriage, in 1816, with Miss O'Halloran, who was accomplished, beautiful, and dowerless. "Evadne," written in 1819, was the only one of his dramas which succeeded on its merits, and it is original only in the scenes and style, the substance of the play being found in "The Traitor," by James Shirley, an English dramatist of the sixteenth century, whose forty plays are all forgotten. The connection of Miss O'Neil with Sheil's dramatic efforts was an exceedingly fortunate circumstance for the author; she won for "Adelaide" a momentary success, simply because it was she who played in the leading rôle; she could not save the others, however; but "Evadne," with its vigorous action and spirited dialogue, added as much to her reputation as to Sheil's. The latter received some ten

thousand dollars altogether through his association with the stage, which was undoubtedly more than he could have earned at the bar.

McGee says that Miss O'Neil took lessons in attitude from Sheil. This is incredible; for, while the actress was in slight need of such instruction, Sheil was assuredly incapable of imparting it. He was well acquainted with the theory of grace, both in repose and movement; but any attempt on his part to illustrate the one or the other must have been extremely fantastic. He was small in stature, and wholly devoid of symmetry; his angular littleness affording a laughable foil for O'Connell's giant proportions when they spoke on the same platform. His face was neither pleasing nor expressive, and his gestures in oratory were inappropriate and ridiculous. He may have imparted to Miss O'Neil a more intelligent reading, a more delicate appreciation of his lines, and thus assisted her to heighten and refine those gradual shades of interpretation, in the producing of which, attitude or action, tone and glance, combine for the *chiaroscuro* of a histrionic picture. His dramatic career was, in truth, almost entirely accidental. His own necessities were its direct inspiration; but it is scarcely probable that even necessity would have turned him into an occupation for which he was so little fitted mentally and physically, if it were not the urgent fashion for men of literary attainments to write a play or two. How many men, even the most demure, yielded to what must be pronounced a mere literary and social eccentricity, and temporarily withdrew from the bench, the bar, and the pulpit, forgot the dazzle of the drawing-room, and neglected the functions of the minister, or the aims of the politician, to steal, invent, or construct tragedies and comedies, which the most exalted genius of the stage, never more splendid than at that time, could

* Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, in the notes to the American edition (1872) of *Noctes Ambrosiana*.

perform only with the greatest difficulty, but could not even then rescue from inevitable ridicule! We need not wonder at Sheil. Besides, he was, in a measure, successful. "Evadne" and the "Apostate" still survive.

His *Sketches of the Irish Bar*, written in conjunction with Mr. Curran, son of the Irish advocate, attracted much attention on account of their pungency of comment and aptness of personal characterization. They were widely read in the United Kingdom, English and Scotch interest being secured by the vehicle of their publication, *The New Monthly Magazine*, of which the poet, Thomas Campbell, was the editor. Sheil's indictment of Lord Norbury, him to whom Robert Emmet's tragical oration was addressed from the condemned prisoner's box, produced a marked sensation at the time, revealing, as it did, a curious and infamous piece of Irish political history. Lord Norbury was an intimate friend of Mr. Saurin, who, when Grattan was fighting the attempt to coerce the legislative union of England and Ireland, said, "If a legislative union should be so forced upon this country against the will of its inhabitants it would be a nullity, and resistance to it would be a struggle against usurpation, and not a resistance against law. You may make it binding as a law, but you cannot make it obligatory upon conscience. It will be obeyed as long as England is strong, but resistance to it will be in the abstract a duty, and the exhibition of that resistance will be a mere question of prudence."

Saurin, however, having thus opposed the Union, was one of the first to accept a personal profit from its infamous consummation, notwithstanding that the means resorted to—bribery, promises, and intimidation—were perfectly understood at the time, and have never been denied. Saurin became Attorney-General for Ireland in 1807, and proved one of the most malignant foes of

Catholic Emancipation. O'Connell, while holding his legal powers in the highest estimation, enjoyed nothing better in his public career than to have him for an opponent at the bar, and more than one of the Liberator's impassioned and terrific outbursts were aimed at his traitorous adversary, whom he charged again and again with trading in the misfortunes of his country.

Norbury was in the habit of stuffing papers into the old chairs in his study, "to supply," as Sheil wrote, "the deficiency of horsehair which an incumbency of eighty years had produced in their bottoms." When they were no longer fit for use, the chairs were disposed of to a furniture-dealer, who, in turn, sold them to his own advantage. One passed into the possession of a Mr. Monaghan, who had been an attorney's clerk, and who was familiar with the handwriting of Saurin, and whose curiosity led him to extract the contents of the cushion. He chanced to find a letter from Mr. Saurin to Lord Norbury, urging him, when exercising his judicial functions in Ireland, to do all that he could against Catholic Emancipation. The baseness of a law officer of the crown beseeching a chief justice of Norbury's well-known vindictiveness to use, for the most degraded and wicked of party purposes, the terrors of a bench which awarded life and death, excited the most intense indignation when Sheil published the unanswerable proofs; but although the writer of the letter was still amenable to justice, and the judicial conduct of its ermined recipient warranted the conviction that the request had been freely complied with, neither was subjected even to an inquiry.

The serious business of Sheil's life began with a speech on the Catholic question when he was twenty-two years old. This speech, strangely enough, was delivered before the Catholic Board in opposition to

O'Connell, and in favor of Emancipation qualified by the veto; and is chiefly remarkable on account of the equally surprising fact that O'Connell deemed it worthy of reply. Sheil's effort is spoken of as "a brilliant harangue," and one of the patriotic chronicles of the time, whose ardor led it into frequent censure from the government and prosecution in the courts, makes the naïve remark that "it is an honor to his country, although we cannot help thinking it directed against his country's dearest interests." O'Connell, however, said, by way of preface, that he would "unravel the flimsy web of sophistry which is hid beneath the tinsel glare of meretricious ornament,"—and that was a very correct description of Sheil's oratory for many years. The speech was all style—no substance; but the style astounded by its elaborateness, delighted by its grace, and amazed by its profuse and pedantic learning. The resolution before the Board was, that neither as Irishmen nor Catholics would they ever consent that the crown, or the servants of the crown, should have any right to interfere in the appointment of Irish Catholic bishops. This resolution was directed against what came to be called "the Veto," then assuming that conspicuousness which it held for so long a period in the progress of Catholic Emancipation, and constituting one of the most obstinate and difficult elements in the politics of the British kingdom.

It was a proposition, made by the English government, that the ministers would be willing to entertain the idea of abrogating the penal laws and emancipating the Catholics, provided the English sovereign were given by the Pope a veto on the appointment of Catholic bishops in Ireland.

If it seem preposterous to us now, that such a proposition should have received kindly consideration among Catholics, not only in England and

Ireland, but even among the directors of Catholic interests in Rome, it should be remembered that the conditions which surrounded Emancipation constituted impediments apparently insurmountable; and that, so despairing was the prospect, the friends of Emancipation were ready to treat with the government upon any terms which the latter were willing to offer. The Veto found many sincere advocates among stanch Catholics outside Ireland, and many partisans among the truest patriots who have ever lifted their voices in behalf of Ireland's woes; and the long and bitter controversy which attended its discussion until Pope Pius VII finally refused to accede to it, simply adds another to the many testimonies, that equally able and perfectly honest minds may radically differ as to the means of accomplishing the same end.

Sheil agreed with Grattan and the Irish nobles that Emancipation should be accepted, no matter in what form it could be obtained; they argued that if the disfranchised four-fifths of the people could acquire political power, it made little difference upon what pretence that power, which could never be taken away from them, should be gained. Once in their hands, they could use it for their defence; once in their hands, they could compel the government to restore legislative independence, and, in their own Parliament, sitting as of yore, in College Green, they could easily recover any insubstantial advantages which prudence had compelled them to surrender in order to secure the first step forward toward religious and legislative liberty.

Grattan, indeed, was eager to make Emancipation subservient to Repeal, but only because he confidently believed that Repeal was but another name for Emancipation, while he held, at the same time, that Emancipation contained no equally certain assurance of Repeal. O'Connell, with broader vision,

foresaw that England could be compelled to grant Emancipation; the moral sense of the civilized world had grown so clear and dogmatic upon the right of a man to worship God according to his conscience, that England, he was convinced, would have to yield that, and wipe the penal laws from her statute-books; but there was no power, except that of arms, to compel a stronger state to grant to a weaker one a legislative concession tantamount to absolute independence; and he knew that Ireland had neither army, arms, discipline, nor means of subsistence. Guided by his wonderful sense of prudence, O'Connell, moreover, rigidly adhered to the principles involved. He would not accept Emancipation at the cost of either the independence of the Church or of the rights of the Irish people to make their own laws. He denied, again and again, the validity of the Act of Union. He denied the right of the Irish Parliament to annihilate itself. He contended that the members of the last Irish Parliament had authority to make laws for Ireland, but were not commissioned to barter that authority away. "They were," he said, "the servants of the nation, empowered to consult for its good, not its masters, to make traffic or dispose of it at their fantasy, or for their profit." Grattan, Sheil, and their followers looked for Emancipation through Repeal; O'Connell, Doctor Doyle, and their supporters looked for Repeal through Emancipation.

O'Connell's reply to Sheil on this occasion is one of the best specimens of the Liberator's rhetorical power. Vigorous, without vituperation; bold, logical, and convincing, without invective or epithet, it would have won to his side any man less stubborn than Sheil, and it carried the resolution.

"The state," he affirmed, "is secure already of the allegiance of the Catholic bishop; he is bound to

the state by his repeated and solemn oaths, but, not content with this, the ministers want to have him become their political agent; they want to have him in the subservient management of electioneering politics. If they succeed in obtaining the power to appoint a Catholic bishop, they will, without doubt, take good care to stipulate with him for the selection of priests devoted to their patrons, and at the ensuing elections we shall see the courtly sheriff become insignificant; the castle bishop will canvass the diocese, and the parish priest will ransack the different districts of the country. . . . And does any man imagine that the Catholic religion will prosper in Ireland if our prelates, instead of being what they are at present, shall become the servile tools of her administration? They would lose all respect for themselves, all respectability in the eyes of others; they would be degraded to the station of excisemen and gaugers, and the people, disgusted and dissatisfied, would be likely to join the first enthusiastic preacher of some new form of Methodism that might conciliate their ancient prejudices and court their still living passions. The ministerial bishops of Ireland would become, like the constitutional bishops of France, one of the means of uncatholicizing the land."

Sheil had presented "splendid fascinations," O'Connell added, to the people, and neither the vehemence of the Liberator, the courageous attitude of the Irish hierarchy, nor the refusal of the people to dream his dreams, withdrew Sheil from his advocacy of the Veto or his opposition to O'Connell's method of agitation. In 1814 the government suppressed the Catholic Board, but the glad news was received soon afterwards, from Rome, that the Pope, released from the captivity in which he had been held by Napoleon, had disclaimed the rescript issued, without authority, in favor

of the Veto. In the beginning of the following year the little band of unterrified Catholics met secretly at the house of a Catholic nobleman, Lord Fingal, and at these meetings Sheil and O'Connell again opposed each other's views. Sheil was still tainted with vetoism, and even went so far as to draw up a petition for Emancipation, in which the government was given to understand that the boon would be accepted on the old terms. He was not without support in this, but O'Connell succeeded in getting the petition voted down, and offered a resolution moving a petition for unqualified Emancipation. Sheil spoke at length, and with vigor and effect, against the word "unqualified," but O'Connell's resolution prevailed.

When the Catholic Association was formed, in 1815, a committee was appointed to request of Archbishop Murray, who had gone to Rome on behalf of the Irish bishops who opposed the Veto, such information as he deemed proper to convey regarding the disposition of the Holy Father toward the proposition, and this committee reported as follows:

"That that rescript had been recalled by the Pope, on the principle that it was issued without due deliberation, in the absence of his Holiness and the Sacred College; that the matters contained in that rescript had been referred by his Holiness to a special congregation, composed of the most exalted and incorruptible characters in Rome. His Grace further expressed his complete conviction that the opinions of that council would be formed upon principles purely of a spiritual character, and he was also satisfied that when the opinion of the council should be referred to his Holiness, who had reserved to himself the right to pronounce definitively on the subject, the Sovereign Pontiff would be influenced in his determination solely by a regard for the

spiritual welfare of the Catholics of Ireland, for whom he felt strong affection; and his Grace felt satisfied that neither the interference of the British ministry, nor any temporal consideration whatever, would affect the determination of his Holiness."

In consequence of the action of the Catholic Association resolving to demand unqualified Emancipation, and of the moral support of the hierarchy, as well as the belief that the Holy See would remain fixed in the determination which Archbishop Murray had indicated, Grattan refused to present the Catholic petition, and the loss of this able and eloquent champion threw the cause of Emancipation into profound gloom. Indeed, little seemed to remain of it except the brave resolve of the prelates, the priests, and the people, not to accept it unless it were granted without qualification. Sheil, nevertheless, did not give up his hope that a compromise might be effected, satisfactory alike to the government and the Church; but nothing whatever was accomplished for several years, the curse of faction spirit dividing and weakening both parties. In 1821 O'Connell published an appealing letter to the Catholics of Ireland, which would have naturally had the effect, if not controverted, of producing a more genial temper, that might have led to unity of action, but Sheil replied to it publicly, and charged upon O'Connell the blame of failure and the responsibility of dissension. A rejoinder from O'Connell followed, in which he declared himself at a loss to know why he "had provoked the tragic wrath and noble ire of this iambic rhapsodist,"—another destructive comment upon Sheil's tendency to transcendentalism in style. Had these quarrels continued, Emancipation might have been delayed beyond the period when the political accident which hastened it occurred, but the government itself, engrossed with foreign affairs, and

convinced, no doubt, that the Holy See would not agree to the Veto, quietly abandoned it, and the bone of contention which had postponed Catholic union for ten years was removed from Irish politics.

In 1823 O'Connell and Sheil met at the house of a mutual friend, and, after a few candid words on either side, they grasped each other's hands, cast away all causes of disagreement, and solemnly pledged themselves to stand by each other until the cause which both had at heart should be won. The pledge was sacredly kept, and from that happy day is dated the beginning of the triumph of Catholic Emancipation.

A new organization was at once effected—the Irish Catholic Association—and Sheil devoted his irrepressible energy to its propagation. He was determined to secure every influence, home and foreign, political, religious, literary, or domestic, which could be made effective toward the result. The history of the Association is a series of brilliant and persistent efforts, almost invariably rewarded with success. Sheil and O'Connell working together presented a thrilling spectacle, to which the enthusiastic and grateful heart of Ireland responded with quickened and joyful pulse, and the enthusiasm pervaded every class of the people, and produced almost instantaneously national unity and a desperate courage. Each diocese organized, the counties organized, the parishes organized. Sheil's talent for systematizing agitation was as great as O'Connell's for inspiring and maintaining it, and in less than two years from the day of their reconciliation the joint powers of these two men had brought Ireland into an attitude of grim defiance, and steady, constant, and intrepid nerve, which startled the government and fixed the attention of the entire civilized world. The ministry discovered, to their great dismay, that Irish dissension had

been annihilated, and that in its place an army of people seven millions strong were organized as if by magic, and that they were equipped with the most formidable weapon which government ever had to contend with,—a Just Demand. The menace of such an organization shook the government like an aspen leaf, and, although not a shot was fired, not a blow struck, scarcely even an agrarian crime committed, united Ireland, silent except when her advocates declared her demand for Emancipation in the name of the Irish nation,—up at last, and on its feet to take it,—was the most powerful foe which England had encountered since the last sanguinary letter of the penal laws had been branded upon her statute-books. Bravely, too, did many of the Protestants of Ireland sustain their Catholic fellow-countrymen, and England was forced, in terror and bewilderment, to confess that at last the Irish people were a unit in the cause of Ireland. To make such a confession was equivalent to admitting the justice of the claim which had slowly but solidly cemented an excitable people, torn for centuries by the intolerance of bigotry, the traditions of faction, and the cunning machinations of English politicians. To make such a confession was but the preface to yielding to the demand, and the government had no hope of escape from this except in the calculation, based upon political experience, that the national unity would not long survive the hidden jarring of the elements which had rent Ireland in every previous effort for her relief. But this calculation proved erroneous. The ministry which relied upon it was retired in defeat and disgrace, only to be succeeded by another—Wellington's—which, beginning its administration by a display of vindictive and witless severity toward the agitation, closed by yielding in the full its unqualified demand.

Powerful friends arose in every quarter. Sheil's literary talents had won many admirers in England and Scotland, who became sympathizers with the cause in which he was engaged. Sidney Smith's pungent satire had aroused the sluggish minds of the English middle class, who caught themselves laughing at their own opinions in *Peter Plymley's Letters*. O'Connell and Sheil were bitterly denounced all over the kingdom, but their speeches were read. Responses came from the uttermost parts of the earth, and resolutions, addresses of encouragement, and money were forwarded from Australia, Canada, the United States, and many portions of the continent. Sheil wrote a series of effective letters in French, which reawakened the interest of that country in Ireland, and attracted the notice of the English government, and the national French sentiment was eloquently expressed by Montalembert and others equally distinguished. Even in the British House of Lords an English bishop declared himself anxious for a settlement of the Irish claims, the only settlement which would satisfy the Irish Catholics.

Sheil and O'Connell spoke frequently on the same platform, and the amusing contrast in their personal appearance, to which we have already alluded, afforded well-improved opportunities for mirth in which both sides joined. In *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, Sheil received the following not unwelcome tribute:

"*Shepherd*. But is na' Sheil a sma' imp?"

"*North*. True; but Dicky, being a man of diminutive proportions, has just enough of madness to make him mischievous, and no more. He can point it as you would the index of a weather-glass, to the precise circumstances of the time. He weighs his periods in his study, with the nicety of an apothecary in his shop, and models his madness into not unskillful tropes, which even please the fancy

when one can forget the mischief of the intention."

At another time, in the same periodical, this portrait of the "sma' imp" appears:

"To make amends for his carelessness in all other external affairs, nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever graced human head; large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems, and these fix you presently like a basilisk, so that you forget everything else about him; and though it would be impossible to conceive anything more absurdly ungraceful than his action, sharp, sudden jolts, and shuffles, and right-about twists and leaps, all set to a running discord of grunts and moans, yet before he has spoken ten minutes, you forget all this, too, and give yourself up to what I have always considered a pleasant sensation—the feeling, I mean, that you are in the presence of a man of genius."

One of Sheil's most striking speeches was inspired by a text supplied by the Duke of York, then the heir presumptive of the throne. This gentleman solemnly avowed in the House of Lords, that, "so help him God, in every situation, he would uphold the principles of hostility to the Catholics in which he had been brought up." This bitter declaration, emanating from so powerful a personage, excited Sheil to rashness, and, in a speech of terrible accusation, he arraigned the Duke before the nation for his vices, his follies, and his failures, all of which, unfortunately, were as numerous in the household, in the council-chamber, and on the battle-field, as they were notorious and undeniable. But the object of the assault was a member of the royal family, and disease was already preying on his decayed constitution; and before the execrations of Sheil had ceased to resound, the hand of death was laid upon the Duke of York. The sympathies of the people turned naturally toward the dying man, whose sins, in that

supreme moment, were all forgotten, and Sheil was left in the embarrassing position of a man who had wantonly, indeed, fiendishly, assailed if not the dead, the dying. Sheil, undaunted by the ghastly circumstances, expressed a manly regret that the last hours of any being should have been darkened by even just reproach, and closed his apology in this powerful and vivid strain:

“The pomp of death will for a few nights fill the gilded apartment in which his body will lie in state. He will be laid in a windingsheet fringed with silver and with gold; he will be inclosed in spicy wood, and his illustrious descent and withered hopes will be inscribed upon his glittering coffin. The bell of St. Paul’s will toll, and London, rich, luxurious, Babylonian London, will start at the recollection that even kings must die. The day of his solemn obsequies will arrive, the gorgeous procession will go forth in its funereal glory, the ancient chapel of Windsor Castle will be thrown open, and its aisle will be thronged with the array of kindred royalty; the emblazoned windows will be illuminated, the notes of holy melody will arise, the beautiful service of the dead will be repeated by the heads of the Church of which he will be the cold and senseless champion, the vaults of the dead will be inclosed, the nobles and the ladies and the high priests of the land will look down into those deep depositories of the ambition and the vanities of the world. They will behold the heir to a great empire taking possession, not of the palace which was raised at such an enormous and unavailing cost, but of that ‘house which lasts till doomsday.’ . . . The torches will fade in the open daylight, the multitude of the great will gradually disperse, the business and the pursuits and the frivolities of life will be resumed, and the heir to the three kingdoms will be in a week forgotten! We, too, shall forget; but let us, before we forget, forgive him!”

But the orator was neither forgotten nor forgiven, and the government gave orders that Sheil should be prosecuted at the earliest opportunity. His speech on the *Memoirs* of Wolfe Tone, then newly published, seemed to furnish the desired cause. Criminal proceedings were instituted, and Sheil furnished bail, O’Connell becoming one of his bondsmen. The attorney-general was Plunket, and he was assisted by another Irishman, Burrowes. Both, when the act of Union was pending, had denounced the crown and the government in more audacious and treasonable terms than Sheil had employed upon any occasion, and Sheil, instead of decorously keeping the peace while under arrest, defied Plunket to conduct the prosecution in person, and declared that the prosecutor should be convicted, instead of the defendant. The government never brought the issue to trial.

One of Sheil’s most hazardous exploits was his appearance at the great anti-Catholic meeting in England, at Penenden Heath, in Kent, whose numbers and enthusiasm, it was expected, would exert a forcible influence upon the government, then suspected of weakness—for the Clare election had taken place. He proceeded to London and purchased a freehold, in order to secure the right to speak, and hurried to Penenden Heath, where more than 20,000 people were assembled, with no-papery banners, tumultuously denouncing O’Connell, Sheil, and everybody supposed to sympathize with Emancipation. If Sheil’s presence had been generally known, it is extremely probable that his limbs or life would have been in danger, notwithstanding that he had some friends present, among them the irrepressible William Cobbett. Mr. Shelton Mackenzie gives the following vivacious account of Sheil’s dangerous adventure:

“In October, 1828, a great anti-Catholic meeting of the freeholders

of Kent was held at Penenden Heath, in that county. A freehold was given to Mr. Sheil to qualify him to take part in the proceedings. He composed a brilliant oration, which was put into type, before he left London, for appearance in the *Sun* newspaper of that evening. The meeting was stormy and boisterous—Cobbett and Hunt attending, and speaking against the Protestant party—and Mr. Sheil, vainly attempting to be heard, actually spoke only one sentence of his speech. *That*, however, to the extent of several columns, was duly published in the *Sun*, and found numerous readers and admirers. That evening, Mr. Sheil supped at the *Sun* office with Mr. Murdo Young, the proprietor (I was of the party), and he gave us a most amusing description of the day's proceedings, turning everything into ridicule, and charming us much. . . . I recollect that he announced as a *certainly*, that Catholic Emancipation was on the eve of being granted. This was more than three months before the public received any intimation of Wellington's intentions on that score."

Sheil's undelivered address was a polished, courteous, and condensed argument for the Catholic claims, and so much better than anything uttered on the other side, that it more than counteracted any mischievous effect which the meeting might have had. It was very widely read, and became the topic of general newspaper discussion, adding conspicuous friends to the Catholic cause.

Sheil's speeches in Ireland were even often more audacious than O'Connell's, notwithstanding that the latter never prepared himself in advance, and that Sheil, as a rule, wrote every line. More than once, Sheil advanced the idea of arms and revolution; he said, at a great meeting in Connaught, "If ever it shall come to pass that, to the financial embarrassments of England there should be superadded the enormous

expenditure of war, and if, when stripped of her commerce—with her machinery and manufactures at a stand, with her vast debt hanging like an avalanche over her head, with famine within and danger abroad—the fleets of France and America shall unfurl their flags upon the seas, then, in that hour of tremendous peril, with an enormous population whose bare physical power would be terrific if put into a simultaneous and gigantic action, and would be doubly terrible if there were art and skill to give it direction, order, system, and effect, then— I have made a pause, and I feel from the silence with which you await my words that there is something of awe in your anticipation; then— But I shall proceed no farther. This is a subject on which much may be said, and *more ought to be thought*, and I shall only add,—May God Almighty give that wisdom to those who are appointed by his providence to sway the destinies of empires, which shall avert these dreadful events whose bare possibility is sufficient to appal, and from whose likelihood every good man must recoil in horror!"

This was very bold language at a time when paid spies listened for any reckless word, which might throw the speaker, under the letter of the law, into a jail.

When he chose, Sheil could be very humorous, and his humor sometimes was extremely rich, if not as broad or as abundant as O'Connell's. One of the leading Orangemen of Armagh was a Mr. Romney Robinson, who had suddenly become solemn, ferocious, and pious, and who was solicitous to destroy the Catholics in whichever manner might seem most convenient and expeditious. Mr. Robinson had "found religion" after a somewhat easy life, and Sheil was familiar with his personal history. He had fallen into an error which has overtaken many better men—he had written a volume of poems. Sheil, in descanting upon

these, made very liberal use of the peculiar quality of the poet's inspiration, and devoted especial attention to one of the poet's classical flights. "Mr. Robinson," said Sheil, "appears to have been upon intimate terms with a certain culinary artist, commonly called a kitchen-maid, whose name was Dolly. . . . He has thought it not inconsistent with his poetical dignity to record this very interesting, but not very uncommon incident, and begins by an invocation to the Furies, to whose inspirations it must be admitted that he was not a little indebted for his oration at Armagh.

"My angry lyre, Magæra string,
In notes Tartarean battle sing.
Instead of tears for beauty's woe,
Let rancor burn and discord glow.
Tho' erst my muse has mourned with Dolly,
My strains now sing her thoughtless folly;
Her pots and kettles, pans and plates,
And poker's healing brittle pates;

As when in fire Typhæus roars,
And Ætna shakes Sicilia's shores.
Thus bellowed Dolly,

She threw the poker at my head,
And deemed the blow would strike me dead.
The poet now with choler swelled,
Fierce dealt a blow, and Dolly yelled."

"I have read these passages from Mr. Robinson's poems," concludes Sheil, "for the purpose of illustrating and justifying the claims to intellectual superiority, which, in his speech at Armagh, he has made for the Irish Protestants."

The climax of the movement for Emancipation was of course the Clare election, which sent O'Connell to Parliament, broke down the ministry, and precipitated the bill for unqualified relief, before O'Connell was permitted to take his seat. It is doubtful if a more thrilling event ever occurred in any country in time of peace. Vesey Fitzgerald, the member for Clare, accepted office, and was thus thrown back upon his constituents for re-election. O'Connell resolved to oppose him, and, if possible, compel the government to refuse him a seat on the floor of the Commons, solely because he was a

Catholic, the seat to which the people had elected him. O'Connell, Sheil, Father Tom Maguire, Steele, and O'Gorman Mahon, entered upon the canvass with a determination to win, by every species of honorable tactics; and the method, no less than the result, shows that they were faithful to that resolve. Sheil has left a graphic account of the affair, in which his talent for description and portraiture is finely displayed. O'Connell's address, intrepid and ringing, announcing his candidacy, produced the wildest sensation in England and Ireland, and the excitement reached a pitch of utter frenzy. All eyes turned upon Clare, and watched the brief and hurried progress of the struggle. Steele opened the canvass by declaring himself ready to fight any landlord who thought himself aggrieved by interference with his tenants. "This," remarks Sheil, "was a very impressive exordium;" and so it was, but the challenge does not appear to have tempted any one. Among the participants was a Father Murphy, of whom Sheil has written too remarkable a sketch to be omitted. Surrounded by a dense multitude, whom he had hushed into profound silence, he presented a most imposing object. His form, clad in sacerdotal vestments—for he was partially robed for mass—was tall and emaciated. His face was long and sunken; but from his blazing eyes, covered by thick, black eyebrows, which stretched in straight lines across a lofty forehead, shone forth the inspiration of genius and religion. He stood outside the chapel door, flanked by desolate crags, at the foot of a mountain, where he welcomed Sheil in a few appropriate words, and then withdrew to the altar. Having finished the mass, he laid aside his vestments, and turned to speak to the people, addressing them in Irish. "His actions and attitudes were as graceful as those of an accomplished actor, and his intonations were soft,

pathetic, denunciatory, and conjuring, according as his theme varied and as he had recourse to different expedients to influence the people." Closing his address, "he became inflamed by the power of his emotions, and, while he raised himself into the loftiest attitude to which he could ascend, he laid one hand on the altar, and shook the other in the spirit of almost prophetic admonition; and while his eyes blazed and seemed to start from his forehead, thick drops fell down his face, and his voice rolled through lips livid with passion and covered with foam. . . . The multitude burst into shouts of acclamation, and would have been ready to mount a battery, roaring with cannon-shot, at his command."

On the day of the election, when all parties were assembled, and the sheriff had read the writ, an incident occurred which illustrates Irish eccentricity, as well as the peculiarities of one of the O'Connell and Sheil party. On the platform were O'Connell and a couple of friends; the demure and Calvinistic sheriff stood near, and on his left were Vesey Fitzgerald, a cabinet minister, attended by all the aristocracy of Clare. Suddenly, a gentleman was discovered in a most striking position. He had leaped over the closely-packed gallery, and seated himself upon a beam above the crowd. A broad green sash, with a medal of "the Order of Liberators" pendant from it, hung over a striped blue-and-white shirt; black curly hair surmounted a handsome face almost hidden in whiskers. The elevated position of this person made him literally the observed of all observers, and it was manifest to the sheriff that no business could be done until he descended. The sheriff had spent a large portion of his life in China, and had acquired a sallowness of complexion suggestive of bohea, and a gravity worthy of a mandarin; he had also "acquired godliness," and

spoke in a mincing and deliberate manner, "imparting the cadences of Wesley to the accentuation of Confucius." "Who, sir, are you?" he ejaculated, in surly monosyllables. "My name is O'Gorman Mahon," was the quick and irreverent reply. "I tell that gentleman to take off that badge," rejoined the sheriff as rapidly as his dignity would permit. O'Mahon deliberately replied: "This gentleman (laying his hand on his breast) tells that gentleman (pointing with the other to the sheriff), that if that gentleman presumes to touch this gentleman, this gentleman will defend himself against that gentleman, or any other gentleman, while he has got the arm of a gentleman to protect him." "This extraordinary sentence," Sheil says, "was followed by a loud burst of applause from all parts of the court-house." The high sheriff looked aghast. His complacency was overpowered, and he sat down. O'Connell surveyed O'Mahon in his altitude with gratitude and admiration, the crowd cheered and laughed, and laughed and cheered again, and the Emancipators felt that the day had begun auspiciously for them.

One of Fitzgerald's supporters was Sir Edward O'Brien, father of William Smith O'Brien, and the fact that he had voted in the Irish Parliament against the Act of Union, did not prevent his tenants from voting against his candidate at Father Murphy's request, and did not save him from a biting sarcasm by Sheil. The latter observed that he wept upon the hustings, and remarks that the tears "arose from a peculiar susceptibility of the lachrymatory nerves, and not from any nice fibres about the heart." The election extended over two days, the Catholic freeholders having to swear in their votes. O'Connell's triumph afforded that gentleman and Sheil an opportunity for graceful compliment to the defeated gentleman, whose personal merits fully entitled him to

their tributes, and who bore his misfortune with calm decorum, not un-mixed with a sorrow which he could not conceal. Sheil's diction on this occasion was as elegant as his arguments throughout the canvass had been trenchant and persuasive.

He followed O'Connell to Parliament—the Emancipation bill having passed in 1829—in 1831. His parliamentary career was marked by a steadfast devotion to the right principles of government, and by an eloquent and successful advocacy of the interests and hopes of his country. In the Parliament he enjoyed a congenial audience; his studied periods were valued at their worth, his recondite quotations were adequately admired and sometimes understood, and his classical allusions fell upon ears accustomed to the poets of Greece and Rome. And yet, while on the stump, as we say, with O'Connell, he seems never to have been conscious that he was not addressing assemblages of the scholars of Europe. His style was the same before the peasants of Connaught and the gentlemen of Westminster, and he would not have altered a phrase or omitted a metaphor for the bishops of England or the unlettered Orange yeomen of Tyrone. His style might be condemned as affected and pedantic; but to him it was natural. His fervent cultivation of classical authors must bear the fault, if fault it be; but it never occurred to him that the Irish farmers would have understood him better had he told them in English, instead of in Latin, even such platitudes as

Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur;

but he preferred to use the phrase in the original both at Kilkenny and in the king's receptions.

Mr. Lecky* thus felicitously contrasts the oratory of Sheil and O'Connell: "If we were to compare the

two speakers, I should say that before an uneducated audience O'Connell was wholly unrivalled, while before an educated audience, Sheil was most fitted to please and O'Connell to convince. Both were powerful reasoners, but the arguments of O'Connell stood in bold and clear relief, while the attention was somewhat diverted from those of Sheil by the ornaments and mannerism that accompanied them. Both possessed great powers of ridicule, but in O'Connell it assumed the form of coarse but genuine humor, and in Sheil of refined and pungent wit. By too great preparation, Sheil's speeches displayed sometimes an excess of brilliancy. By elaborate preparation, O'Connell fell occasionally into bombast. O'Connell was much the greater debater; Sheil much the greater master of composition. O'Connell possessed the more vigorous intellect, and Sheil the more correct taste." Sheil himself appreciated O'Connell's superiority, and avowed it with a candor which was as just to O'Connell as creditable to himself. Nor did he ever attempt to divide the glory of O'Connell's victory; for it was, after all, O'Connell's. It was he who conceived the plans; who, by argument, by patience, by action and inaction, by appeal, by humor, by invective and vituperation, by conjuring and denunciation, by resistance and assault, by conquering the hostile, wheedling the indifferent, converting the cynics, and sustaining the faithful for nearly a quarter of a century, finally massed the Irish people into an angry nation, whose demand it was no longer safe to resist. Sheil had indeed done hard and heroic service; but it was only that of the first lieutenant under a commander-in-chief. Sheil was very proud, and at the same time, perfectly modest, when he said of O'Connell, "I have toiled for more than half my life in that great work, which it is his chief praise that it was conceived in the

* *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, p. 240.

spirit of peace—that in the spirit of peace it was carried out, and that in the spirit of peace it was brought by him to its glorious consummation.” He said this in the ablest of his speeches—his great effort in the defence of O’Connell in 1844—one of the most powerful specimens of argumentative eloquence which has ever been delivered at the bar of a judicial court.

Sheil’s notable parliamentary orations—for he was always an orator, no matter what his theme—were on the Irish Municipal Reform Bill in 1836; on the Church of Ireland in 1835; and again on tithes in 1836. On the Church question he was prophetic, and declared its fall inevitable. His speech on the Irish Municipal Bill is frequently quoted in illustration of what we may call picturesque invective, its famous peroration possessing that quality in the highest degree. He tells the House of Commons first: “You took away one Parliament, which, like the House of Commons of this country, must have been under the control of the great majority of the people of Ireland, and would not, and could not, have withheld what you so long refused us. Is there a man here who doubts, if the Union had not been conceded, we should have extorted Emancipation and reform from our own House of Commons? That House of Commons you bought, and paid for your bargain in gold; aye, and paid for it in the most palpable and sordid form in which gold can be paid down. But, while this transaction was pending, you told us that all distinctions should be abolished between us, and that we should become like unto yourselves. The great minister of the time, by whom that unexampled sale of our Legislature was negotiated, held out equality with England as the splendid equivalent for the loss of our national representation. . . . This demand on the part of Ireland is rejected, and that

which to England no one was bold enough to deny, from Ireland you are determined, and you announce it, to withhold. Is this justice?” He scathes the ministry with the broken vows of cabinets, that had, one after another, declared their anxiety to do justice to Ireland; and then impales before the assembly, amid infuriated outcries from the ministerial benches, Lord Lyndhurst, who had pronounced the Irish to be aliens in race, aliens in country, and aliens in religion. “Aliens! Good God! Was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords, and did he not start up and exclaim: ‘*Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!*’ The Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply, I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. . . . Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera, through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steepes and filled the moats at Badajos? . . . Tell me, for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast—tell me, for you must needs remember, on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, when death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science; when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty

leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me, if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the ‘aliens’ blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was at last let loose; when, with words familiar, but immortal, the great Captain commanded the final assault—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valor than the natives of this, your own glorious country, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland, flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory we shall not be permitted to participate!” . . .

It is to be regretted that towards the close of his career, deceived by the plausible promises of the Whigs to do justice to Ireland, Sheil was induced to accept many lucrative offices from the Melbourne and other British administrations, and his voice was seldom raised in Parliament in active advocacy of repeal after he had accepted the post of Master of the Mint. He was appointed Queen’s Counsellor, a member of the Privy Council, made Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and Judge Advocate-General. It was even proposed to appoint him Solicitor-

General for Ireland. To some extent he realized Moore’s words:

“As bees on flowers alighting cease their hum,
So settling upon places Whigs are dumb.”

When the anti-Catholic agitation in England consequent upon the appointment of Cardinal Wiseman to the See of Westminster broke out, Mr. Sheil was appointed minister plenipotentiary at the court of Florence, where he died in 1851, and was buried in the church of San Michele. But his body was removed to Ireland in the following year, when it was proposed to place him beside O’Connell in Glasnevin Cemetery; but Mrs. Sheil preferred that his grave be made in the family burial-ground that she might share it.

Although it is sad to reflect that the brilliant reputation of Sheil was to some extent tarnished by the vacillations of the latter portion of his career, yet his name will be always held in honor as a brilliant orator, an able lawyer, a fervent practical Catholic in days when adherence to the faith was a bar to the social and political advancement which his talents would otherwise have secured, and as a sincere lover of his country. He was not the least brilliant of that galaxy of Irish celebrities—orators, statesmen, and patriots—which illuminated the latter part of the eighteenth and the commencement of the nineteenth century; men of various positions and talents, and who advocated sometimes different modes of action, but who all in their respective spheres, and according to their various opinions, endeavored to raise Ireland from the position in which she had been placed by the infamous penal laws.

THE SARACENS IN EUROPE.

MANY persons confound the Saracens and the Turks. This is a mistake, and yet a mistake that is very easily fallen into by persons who are unfamiliar with history. Both those peoples have the same religion, they overran the same countries, and nearly always occupied a similar relation to Europe and Asia. Yet they are of entirely different origin, and this difference is strongly marked in their respective characters and histories.

The meaning of the word Saracen is somewhat uncertain. Some derive it from *Sara*, a desert; others from *Sarak*, to plunder; others from *Sarah*, from whom certain Arab tribes claim to have descended; and others from *Sharak*, meaning rising or orient, and from this an Eastern people. Whatever be the origin of the word, in its strict and proper meaning it designates the Arabian followers of Mohammed. By degrees it came to be applied to the Mohammedans of other countries.

The flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina, commonly called the *Hegira*, and his recognition as a prophet by the people of the latter city, is the event from which the rise of the Saracenic empire is dated. This took place in July, 622. Mohammed himself lived only ten years after this; and during those ten years his conquests were confined to the Arabian peninsula. His successors made more extensive conquests. Persia, Syria, and Egypt soon became subject provinces. Fifteen years after the *Hegira* the Holy City of Jerusalem was invested by Moslem forces, and accepted their summons to surrender. The empire of Persia, which had successfully resisted the Romans and the Græco-Romans, succumbed to their arms. So with

Syria and Egypt. Conquest was rapidly added to conquest. In the short space of twenty-five years the empire of the Saracens extended in Asia from the Indus to the Mediterranean, and in Africa from the Red Sea to the Atlantic Ocean. Forty-six years after the *Hegira* the Saracens were besieging Constantinople, and before a hundred years had expired they had overrun Spain, passed the Pyrenees and invaded France. Southern France succumbed to their power. Their armies had swept over Gascony, Burgundy, and Aquitania, and were encamped in the valley of the Loire.

From thence northward to the highlands of Scotland, and eastwardly across all Germany to the confines of Poland, there was no greater distance to be traversed, and no greater obstacles to be surmounted, than what the Saracens had already overcome in their advance from Africa into the heart of France. As for Italy it lay almost at their feet.

Such was the situation, and for one who looks at it from a merely human point of view, it seems as though the chances were even of Europe remaining Christian or becoming Mohammedan. Indeed, they seem to have inclined to the side of the Saracens. They were flushed with victory, eager for new conquests, united by a single purpose, which was to extend their dominion. All of Eastern and Northern Europe was still a wilderness, inhabited only by savage pagan tribes. The Christian peoples of Central and Western Europe were only beginning to emerge from the troubles and confusion resulting from the migrations, invasions, and devastations of Eastern and Northern barbarians. They were not consolidated into kingdoms, but were mostly

split up into dukedoms and petty principalities, often at war with, and always jealous of, each other. Italy, exhausted by repeated foreign invasions and intestine conflicts, was at that time mainly under the rule of the Lombards, who were in no position to aid others, having as much as they could do to maintain themselves. The Eastern or Greek Empire, already beginning to decay, was barely able to keep the Moslems out of Constantinople.

At this time the chair of St. Peter was occupied by the Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory III. Regarding with the solicitude of a father, as St. Peter's successors ever have and ever will, the interests of civilization and religion, he saw the impending danger, and wrote to Charles Martel, who was then the virtual king of the Franks, under the title of Mayor of the Palace, and urged him to oppose the Mussulman invaders.

Like a prudent and skilful soldier Charles Martel, knowing the enormous numbers and immense resources of the foe he had to meet, first made all possible preparation. Several months were spent by him in collecting troops from every available quarter. All through the summer of 732 Frank clarions and German trumpets were blowing in Northern France, and along the Rhine, and throughout Germany, summoning vassals and retainers to the standards of their feudal superiors. The impenetrable marshes of the North Sea and the wildest recesses of the Black Forest poured forth hosts of gigantic yellow-haired, half-naked soldiers, rushing forward to reinforce the steel-clad knights and men of arms of Normandy and Austrasia, and along with them do battle for the Cross against the Crescent.

It was a solemn moment. If Charles Martel were defeated there would be no other human force to oppose Mohammedanism, Islam was face to face with the last human bul-

wark of Christianity. After the Visigoths of Spain there had remained the peoples of Gascony, Aquitania, and Burgundy. After they were defeated there still remained the Franks. But the Franks defeated, there would remain nothing. The Anglo-Saxons were pent in their little island, were scarcely removed from the condition of savages, were divided against each other, and were weakened and wasted by constant conflicts. The condition of Italians and of Greeks we have already described. From them no help could be expected. The army of Charles Martel, therefore, might properly be styled the army of Christendom. The battle it was about to fight would be fought in defence of Christianity. If that army were defeated there would be no human power to prevent the whole world falling under the sway of the followers of the false prophet.

What the result to mankind would have been is easily imagined. Instead of Rome being the source of light and the promoter of civilization to Europe, at that time just beginning to emerge from the confusion caused by the influx of barbarian peoples, and cultivating the seeds of a new Christian civilization which had been planted by the Church on the ruins of the old pagan civilization—instead of this beneficial progress, Europe would have received the impress of Mohammedanism, and have looked, not to Rome, but to Cordova and Bagdad for its religion, its knowledge, and its laws. Mediæval civilization would have been strangled in its infancy, and France, Germany, and England would have taken the type and character of their civilization, if they became civilized at all, from Arabia, Persia, Egypt, and Mohammedan Spain.

On one side were gathered forces from Spain, Mauritania, Egypt, Syria, Arabia, and Persia; on the other, the Franks and Germans. For a whole week the hostile armies con-

templated each other with looks of terror and hate. They must have presented a striking contrast. On the one side dark, slight built, but sinewy men, capable of enduring any amount of fatigue, careless of death in battle, believing it would be a sure entrance into a paradise of terrestrial delights, armed with bows and javelins, lances and scimitars; on the other, tall, broad-shouldered, ruddy-cheeked, fair-haired men, armed with swords, axes, and ponderous spears, looking forward to the conflict in which they were about to engage, not without apprehension, for they knew the prowess of their foes, and could see they were vastly superior in numbers; yet courageously determined to meet the danger, and conquer, if God would vouchsafe to them victory.

At length, on Saturday of the last week of October at daybreak, the Saracen forces deployed in order of battle upon the plain. Their commander, Abderahman, gave the signal for attack. The Mohammedans first poured a deadly shower of arrows upon the Christian army, and then their cavalry fell like a hurricane upon it. The closed lines of the Christians received and withstood the shock. They remained firm and motionless as a wall of marble or a rampart of ice. Twenty times the Saracens recoiled from that wall of marble-like men, and twenty times they hurled themselves against it. At length, towards the close of the day, Eudes, king of Aquitania, who had been defeated but not subjugated by the Saracens, and had joined the remnant of his forces to those of Charles Martel, turned the flank of the Mohammedans. Charles Martel then gave the signal to charge. The men of marble at once changed to giants full of life and fire. The rampart of ice became an avalanche that bore down all before it. The Saracen array was pierced and broken into fragments. Abderahman and the flower of his army perished, cut

to pieces with the swords or crushed by the axes of the Christian host.

The victory was complete. The shattered remnants of the Mohammedan forces fled under cover of night, leaving behind them their camp and equipage. In all the churches of Italy and France *Te Deums* were chanted in thanksgiving for this deliverance, and a special messenger was dispatched by Charles Martel to the Sovereign Pontiff, announcing to him the victory, and attributing it to the blessing he had bestowed upon the Christian arms.

Beyond this point we shall not follow the history of the Saracens in Southwestern Europe. They retreated behind the Pyrenees, and, though they maintained possession of the finest portions of Spain for several centuries, their power gradually declined and that of the Christians increased, until they were first entirely subdued and then expelled from Spain, in the fifteenth century, by Ferdinand of Arragon.

It may not be amiss here to correct a mistake which very commonly prevails as to the relation of the Saracens to the progress of science, literature, and art, and of civilization generally. It is quite fashionable to represent that the Saracens, particularly those of Persia and Spain, gave a great impulse to literature and science, particularly to the mathematical sciences and philosophy.

This is a great mistake, and is based upon an extremely superficial view of the subject. That the Saracens, in the first fervor of their religion and conquests, were in advance of the peoples of France, Germany, and England, as regards many branches of science, is true, but we must not be deluded by this fact into false conclusions. Islam civilization was not a forward movement of humanity, not a new development, but a retrogradation. Mohammedanism neither originated the cultivation its followers pos-

sessed in Spain and the East, nor did it lead to any permanent substantial advance of literature or of science among Mohammedans. The Arabians were not generally a barbarous people previous to the time of Mohammed. Excepting some degraded races which lived along the shores of the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, the migratory tribes led a simple independent life, as they pastured their flocks and herds on fertile spots amid the desert, but they were neither ignorant nor savage. The inhabitants of the cities had some culture and as much knowledge prior to the establishment of the Saracen empire as they had at any time afterwards.

The Saracens originated nothing and improved nothing. In Arabia and Persia they had the advantage of the literature and civilization which had existed in Central Asia and India from the earliest times. This civilization, on the whole, was not inferior to that of Greece and Rome in their palmiest days. It differed widely from that, it is true, in some respects; particularly in regard to the political and the æsthetical sciences it was greatly inferior, but as regards many other sciences, and as respects culture of manners, it was vastly superior. The peoples of Southern Asia and of Egypt were certainly in advance of the Greeks and Romans as respects a knowledge of mathematics and mechanics and their kindred sciences, and had been so for ages before Solon became the lawgiver of Athens or Romulus traced the walls of Rome. So, too, as regards botany and chemistry, and as for philosophy, it is well known that the Greek philosophers are under extensive obligations to Egypt and Asia for the fundamental ideas of their systems.

The ruins recently exhumed upon the plains of Mesopotamia furnish incontestable evidence that ages before the Saracens founded their empire, before our Divine Lord was

born of the Blessed Virgin at Bethlehem, before the foundations of the Temple were laid upon Mount Moriah, before Moses was found a weeping infant among the rushes along the Nile, before Abraham departed from the land of Horan, peoples in Central or Southern Asia knew and practiced methods of computation which in their extreme exactness would put our modern arithmetic to shame, and that in many other sciences, among which we specify that of mechanics, they were far advanced. It has been customary to speak of the peoples of those far-distant ages as ignorant. We have fallen into this habit because we adopt without reflection the theories of infidels, who imagine that man started as a savage and gradually grew into all the knowledge he now possesses. The theory is false and is utterly disproved by history and by recent discoveries.

A reference or two to universally acknowledged facts will make this clear. We have all read of the hanging gardens of Nineveh, and of its broad and lofty walls; of the manner in which Babylon was fortified; of its splendid palaces; of the wide and deep canal, walled with solid masonry, by which the Euphrates was conducted through the city; of the diversion of that river from its course by Cyrus, and of the immense works constructed in Egypt to control and equalize the inundations of the Nile and irrigate vast districts of country.

Now is it not self-evident that none of these works could have been constructed without thorough and exact knowledge of mathematics and mechanics. It requires civil engineers to plan and direct the construction of such works. As well expect the Sioux, under Sitting Bull, to erect in the Black Hills a palace that would outshine the Capitol at Washington, or to throw over the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers bridges superior to those which span

the Schuylkill, as imagine that ignorant people, mere barbarians, could construct the immense and elaborate works with which the most ancient cities of Asia were filled.

As regards Egypt, it is incontestable that, prior to the time of Moses, the physical sciences and the mechanical arts were industriously cultivated. They had exact weights and measures, understood working in wood and in metals, the arts of spinning, weaving, and embroidering, carving, and painting; and, as regards mechanics and engineering, they cut out of mountain cliffs masses of granite which it would strain all the resources of modern mechanical engineers to move. They transported those granite masses overland to the banks of the river Nile; they floated them hundreds of miles down that river, and then again transported them overland to their destined sites. The very stones which cap the Pyramids must have required engineering calculation and mechanical resources of which we now have no knowledge. The removal of the Krupp gun at our late Centennial Exposition from the vessel which brought it to Philadelphia, and the putting it in place, at our late Centennial Exposition, was a work of no little difficulty; yet that was nothing in comparison with the skill and labor which were required to elevate to twice the height of our highest steeples in America immense masses of stone, and place them on the top of those Pyramids, where they remain to this day, silently speaking, and adding their testimony to the countless other proofs, that at a date anterior to all authentic history, there were peoples in Egypt, as elsewhere in the Old World, who had knowledge, and could apply knowledge to purposes akin to those to which men apply it to-day.

As for India we will not enter into details, but simply say that the results of the study of Indian literature, industriously prosecuted of late

years by European scholars, furnish incontestable proofs that in early ages the inhabitants of that land were neither savages nor ignorant, but were an intellectual people.

As for Asia Minor, its western portions especially, combined all the culture and knowledge of Phœnician civilization, and of that of Greece and Rome, and that, too, of the flower and bloom of their civilization, while Syria had these advantages, and anterior to them it had all that Phœnicia, Egypt, and Persia could impart.

Now, the Arabians had these peoples as their nearest neighbors, and were in constant communication with them. They had, therefore, the fullest opportunity of profiting by whatever of knowledge, or of art, or of industrial or æsthetical civilization, those countries possessed. Yet, after the establishment of the Saracenic empire, or previous to it, the Arabians were not savages, it is true, but they made no real advance upon their previous condition, and after a time they retrograded.

Great account is made in fiction and popular histories of the literature of the Saracens, of the colleges they established in Spain, Persia, and Bucharia, of the munificent patronage extended by the Caliphs to learning. But it is all an illusion, created by the glamour which popular writers, like Washington Irving or Sir Walter Scott, have thrown around these subjects, or to the suppression of some facts and the exaggeration of others, of which more solid writers, but enemies of Christianity, are guilty.

The actual facts are simply these: The Saracens originated nothing, as we have already said, and, we may add, improved nothing. They were mere imitators, and never advanced any branch of knowledge they received from other peoples.

Their poetry is fashioned after that of the Persians, and is no improvement upon it. Their architecture is

a mixture of Persian and of the Romano-Greek, and is no improvement. Their philosophy is nothing more than a rehash of more ancient systems. They translated Aristotle, and professors in their colleges in Spain lectured upon him, but no real scholar now attaches the slightest value to their Aristotelian commentaries or lectures. The Saracens cultivated mathematics, botany, chemistry, astronomy, and medicine, but there is no evidence that they advanced those sciences. They received them from other peoples, and they failed to perpetuate them amongst themselves, and to hand them down to the peoples who succeeded them in the countries which continued under Mussulman rule.

It is a simple fact, and one of no little significance, that notwithstanding the accounts, real or fabulous, which have come down to us; and which are constantly repeated by writers of fictions or superficial historians, of the immense libraries gathered by Saracenic patrons of literature, there is not extant a single book, nor even the title of any work of solid value on any subject whatever. The poetry and philosophy and legislation of Greece and Rome are still studied. Scholars find treasures of great value in the poetry and philosophy of ancient India. The Christian literature of the earliest ages of the Church, when Christians had to hide in the catacombs or take refuge in deserts, is of real and permanent value; and the subsequent writings of Christians, even in the rudest and darkest ages of European history, when the old civilization had been utterly destroyed, and barbarous tribes were still impeding the re-establishment of order and civilization—are still referred to and studied, and furnish valuable materials for advancing history, philosophy, and theology; but as for the historical, the scientific, or the philosophic literature of the Saracens, no one cares to examine it, except as a

matter of mere amusement, or to gratify antiquarian curiosity. No one ever dreams of finding anything of value among its remains. You would search in vain for a single important treatise on any branch of the knowledge which the Saracens received from other nations.

As regards government they started with nothing, and continue to this day, where Saracenic rule prevails, with nothing beyond a rude despotism, pure and simple. If the Caliph or Soldan had regard to right, justice, or mercy in his administration of public affairs, it was simply because he chose to do it; if his tyranny became unbearable there was but one way of escape from it,—that of killing him. He was a despot and his subjects were all slaves, from the grand vizier at his side to the lowest camel-driver and menial. The Saracens had ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with better systems of government, but they failed to profit by those opportunities.

The religion of Mohammed was a mixture of fragments of Christianity and Judaism—a compound of different heresies, and in many respects worse than any of them separately. The Koran resuscitated ancient fatalism in its worst form, and sanctified sensuality. It made woman the slave of man, the mere instrument of his lust, and still worse, if possible, it made her a mere animal, denying to her the possession of an immortal soul and an entrance into the Mohammedan paradise after death.

In no sense, therefore, was Mohammedanism an advance of humanity, but in every respect a retrogradation. Europe would never, humanly speaking, have advanced in civilization, had Charles Martel and the Franks been defeated, and the arms of the Saracens triumphed in the valley of the Loire; but the peoples of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and probably those of England, would have been what the peo-

ples of Bulgaria and Wallachia are and have been for centuries. Indeed, they would never have advanced so far. For those peoples have been at times under Christian rule, and have felt and been impelled forward by the influences of Christian civilization.

The conflict, therefore, between the Saracens and the Franks, on the field of Tours, in 732, virtually decided the question, whether Europe should receive a Christian civilization or be handed over to the errors and stagnation which here everywhere characterized countries under Saracenic rule.

In this sketch we have made no reference to the hostile movements of the Saracens against the countries bordering upon the Black Sea and the eastern end of the Mediterranean Sea, then forming portions of the Greek empire. The Saracens incessantly harassed these countries. They became a naval power, and their piratical vessels preyed upon

the commerce of the Mediterranean, and their fleets made frequent descents upon the coasts of Italy and Epirus, and even threatened Constantinople. They ravaged the islands of the Archipelago and the Eastern Mediterranean, conquered Crete and Sicily, made a lodgment in Italy, and would have acquired possession of Rome but for the prudence and heroism of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo IV. The Greek empire had declined in power, but had not yet fallen to the miserable and despicable condition to which afterwards it sank. The Saracens would probably have overrun all its provinces, and even taken Constantinople, its capital, as the Turks did subsequently, but for the frequent dissensions and revolutions among themselves, and the heavy drains upon their forces, made by the wars which were constantly waged against them by the Christian peoples of Southern and Western Europe.

FOREBODINGS.

Snow through the valley drifteth drearily,
 And snow enshroudeth all the hills to-night;
 O'er wastes of snow winds wander wearily,
 And snow-clouds threatening shut the stars from sight.

There broodeth o'er my heart a heavy dread,
 Colder and drearer than the sullen snow;
 And darker than the dim clouds overhead,
 As the night deepeneth, my forebodings grow.

If I could only tell my fears in words,
 Or to my dear ones picture them to-night,
 They would fly from my heart as dismal birds
 Fly from the coming of the holy light.

But who hath lived and loved, and never known
 Some fears so much his own that none could share them;
 Some griefs that must be hidden,—borne alone;
 All earthly aid too weak to help him bear them?

So, veiled, my pitying God, from all save Thee,
 I guard my sad forebodings—friends would chide them;
 But thou remember'st thy Gethsemane,
 And in thy loving heart thou bid'st me hide them.

MARTIN GUERRE.

A STRANGE CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

It might be supposed that personal identity was a matter little liable to mistake. Cases of personal resemblance, such as would deceive a number of persons at once, and for a length of time, are very rare. Brothers and sisters are sometimes so alike, that they must be confronted in order to be distinguished, but we feel pretty sure that we should soon find out an impostor if we could catechize and cross-examine him. Yet it is sometimes difficult to dispose of bits of evidence adduced in favor of actual impostors. Hardly any one of the false Dauphins, claiming to be the son of Louis XVI, but had his adherents, and there are still little fragments of unexplained testimony militating against the belief that Louis XVII died in the Temple.

The story of the false Martin Guerre is to be found in the first volume of the French collection of the *Causes Célèbres*, and seems to prove that even the evidence as to personal identity which would appear most convincing should be received with caution, and that the persuasion of individuals, in any particular case, should not be allowed to outweigh solid proof of any other kind.

One day, towards the close of the sixteenth century, the little town of Artignes, in the south of France, was thrown into a state of great excitement, by the rumored reappearance of one of its former inhabitants, who had quitted the place eight years before, and of whom nothing had been heard since he had been tempted to steal some of his father's corn, and fled in fear of the theft being discovered. The old man, however, left him his heir, and Pierre, the young man's uncle, managed the

property in his nephew's absence. On hearing of his return, every one hurried to the house where the wife of this man resided, a young and beautiful woman, who had passed the time of her temporary widowhood in the strictest retirement; and there, to the satisfaction of all, was the missing Martin Guerre. The long-parted couple were visited and congratulated. Every one recognized Martin. He was barely twenty when he left Artignes, and there was just the change which eight years might have made in him, but no more—features, voice, manner, all were the same, and it was very pleasant in the old town, when old pranks were recalled, former jests laughed over, and the half-forgotten escapades of his boyish days brought to memory. Martin Guerre had always been a favorite, and had apparently come back as good a fellow as ever. Bertrande, his wife, was full of happiness at her husband's return, and there were other relations—four sisters, two of them married, who, with the brother-in-law and an uncle, Pierre Guerre, received the new-comer without a shadow of doubt.

Three years passed. Bertrande had a little daughter, the family harmony was unbroken, when a soldier from Rochefort passed through Artignes, and strange stories began to be whispered. This man had been heard to say that Martin Guerre, whom he knew perfectly, was in Flanders; that he had a wooden leg; and that the fellow who had usurped his name and his rights was a villain and an impostor.

But the soldier and his motives were unknown; his tale was improbable; for what hindered the real Martin Guerre from coming home

to claim his property and his wife? Yet the story produced an effect on Bertrande. She secretly summoned the man before a notary, and had his deposition taken down in writing. It was as if some doubt had entered her mind; but she made no change in her conduct, and continued to treat the man as her husband, whom she had, for so long a time, considered such. Her position was a painful one.

The next event in the Guerre family was a tremendous quarrel between the uncle and nephew. Three years had passed, and Pierre constantly put off giving up the statement of accounts demanded. High words followed; and, in the end, the uncle gratified his vengeance by getting Martin into the prison of Toulouse, in consequence of another quarrel he had got into. Pierre now tried to get Bertrande to acknowledge that she had been the victim of an imposture, but without success.

"Who could know her husband," she said, "so well as herself? The prisoner at Toulouse was either Martin Guerre or the devil in his shape." The rich man of the family, Jean Loze, being applied to by Pierre to advance money for legal proceedings against the impostor, replied that Martin Guerre was his relation, and, if he advanced money, it should be to defend him against his enemies.

In due time, Martin's term of imprisonment ended, and Bertrande received him affectionately on his return home; yet, the next morning, the indefatigable Pierre, with four sons-in-law, was seen coming out of Bertrande's house with Martin as their prisoner. He was lodged in the jail at Rieux, and it was soon known that these insolent proceedings were taken by the wife's authority, who was at last bringing an action against her husband as an impostor. Yet she sent money and clothes to him in the prison. She seems to have been unable to make up her mind positively; and it seems

clear that her signature, authorizing the capture, was extorted by threats and violence, used by those five men against a timid woman.

Now began one of the strangest of *causes célèbres*. The accusers charged the *soi-disant* Martin Guerre with being really a certain Arnold Tilh, a native of Sagias. His defence was simple and straightforward. He stated that after the quarrel with his father he led a roving life, and associated with different persons, all of whom he named. He had been in the King's service in France seven years, then had run away to Spain and made his way home as soon as he knew that he could do so safely. Friends, sisters, wife, every one in Artignes had recognized him, and received him with open arms. That his wife was on the side of his accusers was clearly because she was under compulsion. She had lived with him happily and without a shadow of suspicion for three years. Pierre's motives were only too plain; they were revenge and self-interest, and he had been heard by people in Artignes to vow vengeance against his nephew. The accused demanded that his wife should be removed from Pierre's influence and placed under the protection of unbiassed persons. This was granted, and, in addition, a *monitoire* was issued commanding every one who knew anything of the affair to come forward under pain of excommunication. The result was a most triumphant confirmation of every statement of the accused. Further, his answers were completely satisfactory to every question addressed to him. He gave correctly every particular as to his parents, his birthplace, his marriage, the priest who officiated at the ceremony, and even described the dress and conduct of some of the guests. Bertrande was separately examined on all these points, and the answers of the two tallied exactly. As many as one hundred and fifty witnesses gave their evidence. About sixty declared that

the resemblance between Martin Guerre and Arnold Tilh was so remarkable that they refused to say which of the two stood before them; from thirty to forty said decidedly that the accused was Martin, and about fifty more, equally positive, that he was Arnold. On the question of family likeness, Martin's son was pronounced to bear no resemblance to the prisoner, while Guerre's four sisters were found each as like her supposed brother "as two eggs." The decision of the judge at the close of the trial was against the prisoner, and he was sentenced to death. The prisoner appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse, and a new trial was granted. As Bertrande de Ross was to be a decisive witness, if the inquiries into her character proved satisfactory, these were very exactly made. All bore testimony to her blameless life and virtuous character. Would she have lived with the prisoner for three years, unless she had been firmly convinced he was her husband? The supposed husband and wife were confronted. His manner was frank, assured, and fearless; hers, confused, fluttering, and uncertain. He boldly charged her to tell the truth; to say whether he was, or was not, her husband. He would have no judge but herself, and was ready to suffer the punishment if she were prepared to affirm on oath that he was not Martin Guerre. She replied that she "would neither swear it nor believe it." This evasive reply seemed to strengthen the cause of the prisoner, but the judge hesitated to decide. Another inquiry began. Eighty of the former witnesses were selected, of whom nine or ten confirmed, and seven or eight denied, the assertion of the accused; the rest remained neutral. The result was an increase of perplexity. There was more than sufficient reason for believing that the prisoner was Martin Guerre, and quite as much for declaring him an impostor.

The great point to be proved by his accusers was that the person in question was Arnold Tilh. Arnold was irreligious, dishonest, unscrupulous, a drunkard and gambler. The likeness between him and Martin Guerre was so remarkable that nothing was easier than to mistake one for the other. His apparent knowledge of facts, which could only be known to Martin Guerre, merely proved that he had laid his plans very well, and informed himself exactly of all these particulars. No one ever thought of charging Bertrande with complicity in the plot.

Among the witnesses who spoke positively to the prisoner, Arnold Tilh, was one who swore that he had admitted this to him in confidence; two deposed that they had recognized him. Guerre was a Biscayan, but the accused did not know the Basque dialect. The shoemaker employed by Martin Guerre swore that his number was twelve, while that of the prisoner was nine. Then the uncle of Tilh burst into tears on seeing him in chains; a strong evidence, as his recognition must be the ruin of his nephew.

Here was strong evidence; but, strange to say, that on the opposite side was equally convincing, and the latter witnesses had known Martin Guerre from childhood, while the others had, for the most part, only seen Tilh at different times and in casual interviews. There were one or two of the witnesses who, at first, were not sure whether the person was their old friend or not, and whom he convinced of the fact by reminding them of circumstances which could be known only to them and to Martin Guerre. He addressed them all by name, and varied his manner to Martin's intimate friends according to the degrees of intimacy which had subsisted. Could the cleverest impostor play a part so faultlessly? and who could have been his teacher? Either Bertrande—and she was above suspicion—or

Martin himself. And how could Martin have imbued him with his tastes, his ways of thinking, and all the little familiarities which individualize a character?

The slight personal dissimilarities which had been commented on were explained by the difference of age. He had grown much stouter; he had corrected his old slouching gait. Martin had a peculiar growth of the nail of one finger, a scar on the forehead, a blood-mark on the left eye—all of which were found on the prisoner.

As he left Biscay when only two months old his ignorance of the language was easily accounted for. No one had ever heard Martin Guerre speak it. Arnold had lived a virtuous and steady life since his return, such as could hardly have been that of a previously worthless and dissipated character.

Never was evidence more equally balanced, nor public opinion more equally divided. The universal expectation was that a favorable view of the prisoner's case would be taken, when a new actor appeared upon the stage,—the true *Martin Guerre*, the husband of *Bertrande de Ross*, witness and accuser at the same time. He was received suspiciously in spite of his wooden leg, and taken into custody. Things looked odd. Might not *Pierre Guerre* have started this new claimant.

His examination was not satisfactory. His answers were indeed correct, but the other claimant had replied more positively; and, when Arnold respectfully begged permission to question the man himself, a war of words ensued, in which the wooden-legged man used language of much violence, while the other preserved the composure which is supposed to proceed from a good conscience. All this may easily be accounted for if we place ourselves in the position of the respective parties.

Fresh witnesses, now called Arnold

Tilh's brothers, were summoned to appear in court, but nothing would prevail on them to do so. Then the new claimant was confronted with the *Guerre* family. The elder sister was the first to enter the court. For a minute or two she gazed on him fixedly, then she threw herself on his breast, weeping passionately, calling him by his name and imploring forgiveness. Her brother was no less agitated, embraced her affectionately, and freely forgave her error. The scene carried conviction to all. The other sisters were equally satisfied that this was really their brother; and all the other witnesses, even those who had been most positive, agreed that they had been deceived by the extraordinary resemblance, but that this was beyond a doubt *Martin Guerre* at last.

And now came poor *Bertrande's* turn. Every one felt for the pale, beautiful woman, who stood trembling at her door, as her eye fell on the stranger, for whose appearance she was, of course, quite unprepared. Her features became convulsed with emotion, and, with a wild cry, she fell at his feet, praying, with heart-rending sobs, to be forgiven. Her beauty and distress touched all hearts but his; he had pitied and easily forgiven his sisters, but to his wife he remained inexorable. He could neither believe her nor forgive her, he said. It was impossible for a wife to mistake a stranger for her husband; she, and she alone, was the cause of the misery and dishonor which had befallen his house.

Arnold Tilh, whose identity was fully proved, made a confession before his death, and explained the story of his deception. He and *Martin Guerre* had been companions-in-arms, and he had learned from him much concerning his wife, his house, and circumstances, by which he determined to profit, and to accept the situation when he found people addressing him as *Martin Guerre* on his return to his old neigh-

borhood; and, by clever management, soon contrived to know quite enough of his friend's past life for the purposes he desired.

On the 12th September, 1560, Arnold Tilh was sentenced to death by

the Parliament of Toulouse, and on the 16th he paid the penalty of his crime. He was hanged before Martin Guerre's door, having begged pardon of him and his wife, with every sign of true contrition and penitence.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.

It is one of the most suggestive and important truths which science has embodied in the faith of philosophy, that space itself is not more "infinite" than are the sphere, number, and complexity of those unseen influences which affect the condition of the earth both as a planet and as a home and focus of sentient life. Astronomical research has thus before it an absolutely boundless field of discovery, which, in the course of ages, it is invited and encouraged to traverse; yet, may we not estimate its progress by the space it embraces, or its completeness by the range of the telescope; for their very haste to mark and note the prominent phenomena of the wide universe has prompted men to overlook the more obscure though powerful influences, which thicken the more closely they surround us, and it surely avails little that the color and place of stars and nebulosities are known, while those multiform agencies which centre in the sun and focate in the earth itself, are as yet unacknowledged, except in the infinite variety of their results.

The telescope with its present powers has indeed sketched out a wide region for patient observation and study, to be extended only when optical science shall afford some new, unthought of contribution to the means and appliances of sight; and astronomers have fitly left off for a time idly recounting the stars, and

indulging in vague speculations on what is beyond their ken, for the better purpose of examining minutely those phenomena which lie within the range, though their causes may be beyond the scope of distinct vision. Such agencies have hitherto been too commonly regarded as insignificant in comparison with more brilliant discoveries, but extending research every day gives further proof of their intimate relations to the condition and destiny of our mother earth.

We might instance the study of the laws of heat, light, magnetism, etc., as affording most important additions and aids to a science of which "astronomy" is an inadequate title; but in this paper we shall confine our attention to certain results of direct observation that promise to demonstrate many remarkable relations between the physical condition of the sun and that of the earth, and which continue to gain increasing interest, not only for astronomers, but for all intelligent men.

Day by day, at the principal observatories in Europe and America, is the appearance of the sun anxiously watched, and the spots which often mottle much of its surface carefully mapped out, and even photographed. And, indeed, their *utility* recommends such observations; for gravitation, as we vaguely understand it, is not the only link which

binds our planet to the sun; and we have yet to learn how much the development and present condition of the earth are due to the action of those thermal, magnetic, and chemical influences, which we have every reason to believe are intimately involved in its very existence and entire cosmical relations.

Before recounting the results of sun spot observations, we may remark the difficulty of tracing at a distance of ninety-five millions of miles, and on a visible disk having a diameter of little more than half a degree, the condition and appearances of a body whose diameter is more than one hundred times, and surface twelve thousand times, greater than those of the earth.

It is more than two centuries and a half since sun-spots were discovered, and known to reappear. The discovery is usually assigned to Galileo, whose first work on the subject, *Epistolæ ad Valsenum de Maculis Solaribus*, is dated 1612; but the claims of the Tuscan artist may in this respect be fairly disputed in favor of Fabricius, whose treatise, *De Maculis in Sole Observatis*, was written at Wittenberg in June, 1611. Harriot, in England, published his observations in December, 1611; and Scheiner, a Jesuit of Ingolstadt, made some important discoveries early in 1612. Even before this time, spots on the sun had been observed by the naked eye, for Kepler is known to have mistaken one for a transit of Mercury.

Nor is it to be wondered at that these spots have not unfrequently been distinguished by the eye, when we consider the enormous dimensions of some of them. Pastorff observed one which he found to be 46,000 miles in length, and 27,960 broad; and Mayer, in 1758, saw one whose diameter was upwards of 45,000 miles, having an area greater than thirty times the entire surface of the earth. Now, it may easily be calculated that a circle at the distance

of the solar surface, having a diameter of *one second* of arc, has a diameter of 460 miles, and contains 167,000 square miles; and such an area would form a distinct speck, the smallest that can be seen as such. Yet spots of an area greater than a *thousand millions* of square miles have been recorded; and these having a diameter of a minute and a half, or about one-twenty-second that of the solar disk, must have been distinctly visible to all eyes under a clear atmosphere. Even the *nuclei*, or dark central parts, the cavities through which, according to Sir William Herschel, we see the body of the sun laid bare, are sometimes of enormous extent; "so large," says one astronomer, "that the earth could pass clean through such a hole without coming within five thousand miles of either side."

In shape, as in size, these spots are extremely irregular.

The outer portion, at least, of the sun is frequently in a state of commotion, to which the most terrific storm at sea suggests only the faintest possible conception. This appears to be extremely probable, both from the motions of the spots, and from the existence of those *red flames*, which, during a total eclipse, have been observed to project from all sides of the sun sometimes to a height of 40,000 miles. That the photosphere, or external luminous envelope, is in a continual state of undulation, is also indicated by those flashing patches of light called *luculi*, which have been observed in all regions of the sun's disk, giving an unequally shaded appearance to its surface, and producing an impression like that from the waves of the glistening sea.

The spots, however, are entirely confined to a belt of one hundred degrees within fifty degrees north and south of the sun's equator.

A single spot, as it appears under the telescope, consists usually of an irregularly shaped patch of at least

three distinctly separated degrees of shading. The central is the darkest, called the nucleus. The umbra forms a broad indented margin to the nucleus; and the penumbra, of a still slighter tint, surrounds the whole. Spots are frequently collected in groups; and so many as eighty distinct spots have sometimes been counted in a single group. Some spots appear to have two nuclei, and in others this singular change is observed in progress. They become bridged across by an embankment and ridges of the matter of the photosphere, and having a feathered appearance in one direction.

In the neighborhood of spots, and confined within the same limits of latitude, are certain remarkable streaks, brighter than the ordinary surface, which have been named *faculæ*. Some of these waves, whatever they may be, have a feathered appearance, and though seldom straight, have been observed to extend 40,000 miles, with a breadth of forty miles. They move in the same direction, and with the same velocity as the spots themselves; and this fact tends strongly to confirm the inference, that the motion and reappearance of the spots indicate a true and determinate rotation of the solar orb in that direction.

Besides a generally uniform passage, at the rate of about 4000 miles per hour across the sun's disk, the spots are observed to have certain *proper* motions of their own, which at first sight seem to interfere with their general rotary velocity. Mr. Dawes observed a large spot which revolved round its centre in twelve days; and M. Laugier, of Paris, calculated the proper motion of certain irregularly moving spots to be (independently of the high velocity due to the solar rotation already referred to) at the rate of 247 miles per hour. Mr. Carrington attributes such proper motion to the tendency of groups of spots to recede from each other.

Spots also change in shape and

size, and their duration varies from a few days to three or four months. Some appear to start into existence while you examine the solar disk, and others to fade away. Many are formed and then die out within a single transit, which lasts a fortnight. Others reappear during three revolutions of the sun, though seldom oftener.

The manner of the rise and obliteration of sun-spots is curious, and is the basis of Professor Wilson's original hypothesis of their being actual cavities. When one is being formed, the umbra appears before the penumbra; and in evanescence, the nucleus and umbra seem to get filled up irregularly, and crossed by faculous ridges. The penumbra is finally encroached upon by darting masses of incandescent matter, and is replaced by the general brightness of the photosphere.

Concerning the nature of these spots, it is a suggestion as old as Maupertuis, that they are masses of the floating unconsumed scum of the incandescent fluid. Lalande supposed them to be protuberances from the interior, standing out from the solar surface like our rock islands from the sea; but the foreshortening of the nearest edges as they recede towards the sun's eastern limb, disproves this hypothesis; and it is even stated, on good authority, that the great spot of 1719 was seen as a notch on the sun's edge.

The explanation most widely accepted, especially since the time of the elder Herschel, is that they are cavities in the elastic solar atmosphere. This "discovery" is due to Professor Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, who, in 1774, observed the foreshortening of their nearest edges, and who thence advanced the opinion, that they were holes in the sun's atmosphere, caused by masses of elastic fluid escaping volcanically from the fiery globe underneath, and thus, not only laying bare the sun's surface in the central nucleus, but also,

by increasing expansion, causing that widening in their course which might account for the appearance of umbræ and penumbæ. Mr. Dawes states, in confirmation of a similar hypothesis, that the inner edges of the umbræ and penumbæ appear to be massed and tilted up, as if by the action of elastic gas in escaping from the interior.

A fourth hypothesis, accepted by many eminent physicists, seeks at once to account for the spots and to explain the genesis of solar heat—the latter a hitherto unsolved or rather unattempted problem.

Of the existence of countless meteoric stones revolving round the sun, even at a distance of more than ninety millions of miles, we have ample evidence in their periodic appearance in the middle of August and of November, when the path of the earth traverses their belt. Now, it is supposed that such meteorolites, near the sun, within and constituting the “zodiacal light,” are continually getting entangled in their perihelion passage in the solar atmosphere; and that thus being “licked up” by the central attraction out of their *elliptical* paths, they form sun-spots during one or two revolutions, to be finally swallowed up by the all-devouring orb. It is further alleged, consistently with known physical laws, that the light and heat of the sun are maintained by and dependent upon this continual incidence of immense masses of meteoric matter.

Neither our space nor present purpose allows us to discuss the merits of this bold and comprehensive theory, further than, in passing, to satisfy the reader of its feasibility. We find that the spots are confined to the sun’s equatorial zone, around which alone meteoric matter revolves in variously inclined planes; their motions, too, are various, and their prevalence periodic, and both these facts are accounted for by this theory. It has likewise been shown by Father Secchi, of Rome, one of the most eminent

cultivators of experimental physics, that the emission of heat is greater from the equatorial belt than from the other parts of the sun’s surface; and it has been found that, on an average, those years are the warmest in which a great number of sun-spots are observed. Nor need it be regarded as inconsistent with the nature of things that even among planets the higher forms of development should be maintained by the destruction of the lower, for the life and growth of every system involves the decay and change of individual forms.

Others, again, consider sun-spots to be analogous to our whirlwinds and cyclonic storms, and allege that, in looking at them, we look down into their rarefied central vortices, which, widening upwards towards the surface of the solar atmosphere, present the appearance of cavities. Sir William Herschel, in 1801, accounted for the distinctness with which the umbræ and penumbæ are separated by supposing that in these we see the rupture of successive strata differing in their densities. Whatever may be the character of such interior envelopes, Arago has satisfactorily proved that the outer photosphere is composed of inflamed gas; for he found that the rays from the sun’s edge, which leave it at a small angle, are *not* polarized, as would be the case if they proceeded from either solid or liquid surfaces; whereas the light from inflamed gas is always in a natural condition at all angles of emission.

With regard to the direction and rate of motion of solar spots, it has been found that they move from west to east in conformity with the direction of the planets, and that the sun’s equatorial plane thus indicated is inclined at an angle of seven degrees nine minutes to that of the ecliptic.

Owing to certain proper motions among themselves, the *time* of revolution of different spots is subject to slight variations; yet we may fairly infer that the sun revolves on its own

axis in $25\frac{1}{3}$ days. Galileo, in 1612, found that a certain spot returned in 28 days; Fabricius, in his *Dialogus*, gives $27\frac{1}{2}$ days; and Scheiner, in 1630, estimated the period at 27 days. These are *rough* observations, so we may allow two days for the earth's progress in the same direction as the spots during their revolution, and regard these three observations as giving respectively 26, $25\frac{1}{2}$, and 25 days as the sidereal period of the sun's revolution. The following are periods of revolution assigned by eminent astronomers, that have been carefully deduced from numerous observations: Lalande gives 25.42 days; Delambre, 25.01; Cassini, 25.59; Boehm, 25.32; Laugier, 25.34.

Spots are seldom seen at the sun's equator, and never in the circum-polar regions; they usually occupy belts in each hemisphere between the parallels of ten degrees and twenty degrees of heliographical latitude. Mr. Carrington, who recently published elaborate results of eleven years' observations, has shown that the spots near the equator revolve in a shorter time than those of higher latitudes, and that this retardation of angular motion is subject to a law more or less definite. His formula gives 24.98 days as the sidereal period of rotation at the sun's equator, and 26.57 days at latitude thirty degrees, beyond which very few spots have been noticed in either hemisphere. Sir John Herschel considers it reasonable to suppose that the body of the sun rotates with a velocity equal to that of its photosphere at the equator, that is, in 25 days, and that the different rates of movement thus indicated in different regions of the solar atmosphere, together with known differences in temperature, are results from that general state of disturbance indicated by the proper motions of the spots and other phenomena. The same philosopher attributes the differences in the periods of the spots, and of

the same spot in successive transits, to the different velocity of rotation proper to higher latitudes, and to the effects of the proper motion of a spot in altering its latitude. Thus, he says, the fact that a spot in 1857 was observed to revolve four times in periods of 25.46, 25.67, 25.83, and 26.23 days, is to be explained by the force of its proper motion driving it into higher latitudes.

Some of the most interesting facts regarding sun-spots relate to the periodicity of their prevalence. The region of spots is at times speckled all over for two or three days continuously; in other years, no spots are to be seen for many days.

Again, the degree of maxima and minima variations is subject to a marked increase at periods of fifty-six years—a fluctuation undoubtedly due, as Mr. Carrington suggests, to the action of the planets in certain positions, especially of Jupiter, on that belt of matter called the zodiacal light; and it is indeed to be regretted that the proposal of Major Jacob, to establish an observatory at Purandhur, in India, for simultaneous observations of sun-spots and the zodiacal light, has never been carried out. It was observed, and, we think, demonstrated, by General Sabine, that the fluctuations, in corresponding periods, of the amount of variation of the earth's magnetism are at least due to the same causes which produce the double variation we have mentioned in sun-spottedness.

Those induced currents of electricity in the upper and rarer strata of the atmosphere that are known as auroræ, have long been known to accompany certain earth-currents affecting our telegraphy, and certain states of the weather affecting our most intimate every-day interests; and it is a most remarkable fact that the numbers of auroræ and of sun-spots increase and diminish together.

But, before accepting as a fixed result in this splendid field of inquiry that the sun's influence is main-

tained and regulated by the waste and wear of that planetary system which it appears to sustain, we must await further research to trace more clearly the coördinate changes of the earth and sun, and be satisfied the

while that thus, and through many other unthought-of media, is our present condition governed by influences which involve our destiny, and life and death perpetually harmonized.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE fires at Brooklyn and at Holyoke, with their fatal effects, and the numerous calamities only just averted by some lucky accident or the presence of mind of some person less nervous than the rest, has caused the Committee of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters to adopt the following resolutions:

“Resolved, That in the judgment of this committee the danger from fire in churches is becoming alarming by reason of the common use of scenery, elaborate decorations, and illuminations in church entertainments.

“Resolved, That we caution the officers of churches against the danger of vitiating their insurance by the introduction of hazards not contemplated by underwriters in the insurance of churches.

“Resolved, That we recommend making the following indorsement on policies insuring churches: ‘It is understood and agreed, and is a warranty on the part of the assured, that no gathering shall be permitted in above insured building requiring the use of scenery or colored fires, and it is also understood and agreed that no decoration shall be placed nearer than one foot of an uncovered light.’”

We rejoice to see that some of the bishops have condemned the use of cheap and inflammable veils, draperies, and tinsel paper in too great abundance, and that there is an extensive alteration of church doors so that they can open outwards. Such precautions are called for by every consideration of prudence and humanity, and should be adopted without the slightest delay. Any moment the community may be startled from its propriety by some fearful calamity similar to that at Santiago, in Chili, some years ago.

THE statues of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Archbishop Carroll, have arrived at Philadelphia to adorn the Centennial Fountain in Fairmount Park. That of Commodore Barry arrived and was placed in position last July, and when the large statue of Moses, which will be in the centre, arrives, and that of Father Mathew, the memorial of

the great American Catholic patriots of the Revolution will be complete. The erection of this fountain was proposed by the Philadelphia Catholic Total Abstinence Union, which has borne most of the expense of its erection. When completed it will have cost \$53,000, and will certainly be one of the handsomest, if not the handsomest, in the country. Considerable differences have existed among Catholics in regard to the propriety and expediency of this monument, and some have considered that a protectory or some institution of practical charity would have been more suitable. But the fountain has now gone so far that its completion is a matter of necessity, and as it is intended to honor the Catholic patriots and the temperance men of other States, and of Maryland in particular, it does certainly seem fair that the whole burden should not be left for Philadelphia to shoulder. A few generous donations from wealthy Catholics would be a great aid.

THE Treasurer of the Catholic Indian Mission Fund, Very Rev. J. B. A. Brouillet, has sent in his report, which embraces four years, from July, 1873, to December 1st, 1876. It states that the Ladies' Catholic Indian Missionary Association, founded October 28th, 1875, has been of essential aid. During one year this Association and its branches have raised \$8,605.49. The report says: “A reference to the annual appropriations made by Congress for the support of schools at Catholic agencies, shows that for the year 1873 and for preceding years, eight thousand dollars was the highest aggregate sum thus given to such schools. By our personal efforts the appropriations for 1874, 75, and 76 have been increased from eight to fifteen thousand dollars per annum, making an annual aggregate gain of seven thousand dollars, or a total gain of twenty-one thousand dollars during the three years; all of which is unquestionably due mainly to the efforts of this Bureau. By means of these enlarged appropriations, and a timely assistance from our Mission Fund, we have been enabled to

open six new Indian Manual Labor Boarding Schools and several Day Schools, and to establish two very important and promising new Missions."

THE position of Catholics in British America is, for some reason or another, better than in this country. The system of education is better, Catholics are more frequently elected to offices of trust and honor, and fill them more creditably, and the influence of Catholics in politics and in society is greater. For example, the Mayor of Quebec is a Catholic, so also is the Mayor of Montreal. Of the three members that Montreal sends to the Dominion Parliament two are Catholics. The Mayor of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is also a Catholic, and so is its member. The Secretary of State and the Speaker of the House of Commons, and many of the Ministers are Catholics; and the Canadian Commission to the Philadelphia Exhibition consisted of four gentlemen, two of whom were Catholics.

BY common consent it is agreed that the people of the United States are suffering from some very grievous evils. The tone of political morality is confessedly low, crimes of startling magnitude occur with unpleasant frequency; defalcations and breaches of trust are constantly committed by the most educated persons; our divorce courts are very busy, and our Indian policy is a failure because we cannot find honest men to carry it out. Stock gambling abounds, capitalists form rings for the purpose of securing exorbitant profits, immense numbers of working people are starving, and Communism raises its head in Chicago and New York; while both our great political parties are unable or unwilling to apply suitable remedies to change this condition of things.

But stop a minute—we are wrong. On the contrary, both parties have come to an agreement on this subject, and "when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." They both agree that there must be no religion in the schools. They are both heartily of opinion that the boys and girls who will be mothers and fathers in the future, must receive no religious instruction, except they pick it up by accident. That is the sovereign panacea for our national ills, the remedy that will cure the diseases of the body politic. They seem to act on the supposition that the less people remember their Creator the better citizens they will be! 'Tis true that history never shows us any people without some religion. 'Tis true that a corrupt people like the Romans under the Empire, or like the Hindoos of all ages, are always found to be slaves. 'Tis true that every great and noble deed has been inspired by religion, and that

every heroic and free people have always been religious in some shape or form. All this is true; but they say, in effect, perish the teachings of history, experience, and common sense, and let the nation go to ruin, so that we only save the children from being taught any dogma. For, even if the Catholics can train good citizens in their schools, which is admitted, they will believe in the Pope, in the Blessed Virgin, and in the Sacraments, and will go to confession, and these things are "sectarian" in the eyes of modern legislators. They think that faith is the "fly in the pot of ointment," and that even a very little of it vitiates the best education. So on no account will they aid Catholics to make good citizens, else these citizens will go to mass on Sundays, and to their duties once a month.

THE electoral bill, which was "rushed" through the Senate and the House so quickly and received the President's assent, is an attempt to meet the difficulty and calamity of a disputed presidential succession. It provides for the selection of five members of the Senate, five of the House, and four judges of the Supreme Court, who will select a fifth. To this joint commission and tribunal are to be referred all the questions that have arisen, and its decision is final.

The wisdom of this measure, and its convenience for meeting the present difficulty, has caused it to be hailed with approval by the candid men of all parties, and even extreme partisans have received it with cordiality, and have expressed themselves willing to abide by its decisions.

To parade on St. Patrick's Day or not, that is the question. A summary of the arguments for and against the parade may be interesting. On the one side it is said that parades show the strength of the Irish element in America; that they keep alive the memory of Ireland and her nationality when it would otherwise be forgotten; that the 17th of March is the only distinctively national holiday of the Irish people, and should be publicly honored by them as the 4th of July is by Americans; that such expense as it entails can be easily borne; that the Irish like a little excitement once a year, and that it is the custom, and has been for many years.

THE conference at Constantinople has broken up, the ambassadors have gone home, and Europe waits to see what Russia will do. That power, or rather the Czar and his advisers, seem a little uncertain, and not quite so bellicose as they were some time ago. The ominous spectre of socialism and com-

munism terrifies them, and mutterings of discontent in Poland serve to remind the Czar that he, too, has a Bulgaria in that country.

WHETHER the clergy should take an active part in politics is a question by no means so simple as it appears to be to some. Few, we believe, would wish to see the clergy in the United States enter actively the political arena; but it by no means follows that in France or in Ireland they should not do so. O'Connell was greatly aided by the Catholic clergy of Ireland; and the friends of order in France have frequently found the clergy their best and most valuable allies. Three bishops appeared lately on a platform in Sligo to support the candidature of a patriotic Irishman from that county. Great services were rendered to our government during the civil war by Archbishop Hughes and Bishop Domenec. Supposing a case should arise in which some anti-Catholic measure would be proposed, such as one involving the confiscation or supervision of church property, it would be perfectly right for the clergy judiciously to oppose it. "No priests in politics" is a catchword, like "politics and religion have nothing to do with each other." Religion *has* nothing to do with whether Tilden or Hayes is elected, although honesty has; but religion would have a great deal to do with it if the platforms, instead of dealing with questions of reconstruction, finance, civil reform, etc., etc., treated of the rights of the Church or of similar questions.

THE Church of England is troubled with an aching Tooth which needs extraction. A clergyman of this name, Vicar of Hatcham, is at present attracting a great deal of attention. He persists in wearing vestments, having lights on the altar, using incense, standing with his back to the people, elevating the chalice, and doing all those things which have been prohibited by law, and which excite intense disgust in all good Protestants who regard them as imitations of the mass. Mr. Tooth has been inhibited by his bishop, and condemned by Lord Penzance, the judge of the new ecclesiastical court, and runs great risk of being fined and imprisoned. He is supported and encouraged by a large party in the Church of England.

Riots have taken place at Hatcham church, and meetings on his behalf, and against him, have taken place in various parts of the country.

Whether ritualism helps the progress of the Catholic Church in England or not is much debated there. We think that the old Tractarian or Puseyite movement did to some extent; but we do not think modern ritualism does. It supplies a sort of sham Cath-

olicity, which satisfies thousands of good people, who dislike Protestantism, pure and simple, and who but for ritualism would be Catholics. The ritualistic papers are as bitter against the Church as any Orange sheet. In fact English opinion is still very anti-Catholic. There was, we believe, only one Catholic returned to Parliament from England, Scotland, and Wales, which countries send thither five hundred and fifty members; and only one Catholic was returned out of sixty for the whole city of London, in which city there are a quarter of a million of Irish Catholics, forty churches; and in England and Scotland two thousand Catholic priests and churches, with the richest of the English aristocracy at their head.

IRELAND and India, two very different nations, are both, per force, under the same sovereignty, that of the English crown. The one a Catholic country, the other pagan and Mohammedan; the one possessed of many eminent Christian virtues, with a few faults, more of the head than of the heart; the other sunk in unutterable iniquity. Both were won by the combined effects of the sword and treachery; by the sword which hewed down all opposition, by treachery practiced towards unsuspecting allies, and by dissensions artfully fomented. Strongbow, Elizabeth, Strafford, Cromwell, and William of Orange, suggest dark memories in regard to Ireland. Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, Dalhousie, recall similar memories in India.

Both countries are held by the strong arm, and against the will of the people; in this respect England treats the two countries alike; in some respects she treats them very differently.

When the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India on New Year's Day, political prisoners were released, yet the Irish prisoners still rot in dungeons. We do not read of causeless evictions in India, yet how often do we not hear of them in Ireland. When the Irish famine broke out it was long before relief was afforded, but Indian famines meet with immediate attention. English capital flows into India, and constructs railways, canals, public roads; it drains marshy lands, and irrigates barren tracts. Ireland is neglected. Her harbors are empty; her rivers turn no mills; there are few railways, few canals; the Shannon is neglected; the fisheries receive scanty aid.

India is referred to with pride; Ireland is often treated with contempt. Take up any English paper, and you will find that the affairs of India are discussed with interest, those of Ireland with impatience. In matters affecting India the English parties sink their differences to unite in measures of relief; in those of Ireland this is not the case.

THE American people have a practical exemplification to-day of the truth of the proverb that "history repeats itself." The circumstances and accidental surroundings may be different, the essence is alike. Change the nineteenth for the twelfth century, the Returning Boards and bulldozers of Louisiana for the princes of Europe and their servile counsellors, the prize of to-day, viz., the presidency of the United States, for the far greater prize of the twelfth century, the papal chair, and it will be understood in a moment why we meet in history with so many instances of attempts at schism, and the appearance of anti-popes, "counted in" by regal influences.

Nothing but the divine protection could have saved the Church, and secured the succession of her pontiffs for eighteen storm-tossed centuries. The most careful provisions of the founders of our republic, to secure a free choice, have been obliged to be supplemented at the end of the first century, and nearly twenty years ago the choice of a President was the excuse for a secession, and the result was a bloody war.

The same little game may be played again. Already there are rumors that "the Catholic powers, in view of the death of the Pope, will exercise their rights." What rights? And who are the Catholic powers? The Catholic people exist everywhere; but we know of no Catholic government that can be trusted. Is it Italy who retains Rome, or Austria, or Spain, or Portugal, or Belgium, or France? all of which States have Catholic rulers to-day, but may be in a condition of revolution to-morrow. We opine that the cardinals will care but little, in their choice of a new pope, for the opinion of these Catholic powers.

Now that there is so much said about Russia and the Greek Church, which exists in that empire, the following particulars of its doctrine and discipline may be of interest: The Greek Church believes in the Divine presence in the Eucharist. It denies the authority of the Pope. It rejects purgatory, but admits of praying for the dead; and forbids all kinds of carved images, but permits paintings. It denies auricular confession to be a divine command, but practices confession attended with absolution, and sometimes penance. It admits the seven sacraments, but baptism is performed by the immersion of the body three times in water, and the communion of both kinds is practiced with leavened bread, and the wine is mixed with water. The anointing of the body is allowed to all sick persons as a means of restoring them to health, and purifying them from their sins. The secular clergy are permitted to marry but once, and

only a virgin; laymen are allowed to marry only three times. The Greek, like the Catholic Church, accepts tradition as well as the Bible, but differs from the Catholic Church in maintaining that the Holy Ghost proceeds only from the Father, and not also from the Son.

To vote or not to vote is the question among Italian Catholics, and it is one which is generally decided in the negative. The pious think that to vote for parliamentary members would be to recognize the usurpation of Victor Emanuel, and they therefore leave all the voting to be done by the radicals. But in case of the death of Pope Pius IX (which heaven long prevent) the case might be altered, and the twenty million of Catholics in Italy might take it into their heads to vote, and then it would be found that the anti-Catholic zealots had not their own way altogether. Italy is Catholic notwithstanding all the sins of her governing classes, and will always be so.

THE exact provisions of the Compromise Electoral Bill are as follows: Where there is only one set of returns from any State, such vote shall be counted in due form unless rejected by the concurrence of both houses of Congress.

Where there are two or more sets of returns from a State, and the Houses disagree as to which should be counted, then all points of law connected with the case are to be submitted to a Board of Arbitration constituted in the following manner: Five Senators to be appointed by the President of the Senate; five Representatives to be appointed by the Speaker of the House; and four Judges of the Supreme Court, who shall select a fifth Judge to complete the tribunal. The decisions of the Board are to be final unless rejected by concurrent vote of the two houses.

The members of the Commission are: Judge Bradley, Judge Clifford, Judge Field, Judge Miller, Judge Strong, Senator Bayard, Senator Edmunds, Senator Frelinghuysen, Senator Morton, Senator Thurman, Representative Abbott, Representative Garfield, Representative Hoar, Representative Hunton, Representative Payne.

Of these, nine, Judges Bradley, Field, Miller, and Strong, Senators Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, and Morton, and Representatives Garfield and Hoar are Republicans, and the other six are Democrats.

HARD times in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, where thousands of miners are out of work, and others working for a pittance; hard times in New York, Baltimore, Phila-

delphia, and other great cities, where a vacant situation attracts hundreds of applicants; hard times in business circles, where collections are difficult, and where bad debts abound; hard times in the Southern States, overburdened with taxation, badly governed, and divided in opinions on questions in which race problems are involved; hard times generally. And yet the country is spacious, and possesses millions of untilled acres, waiting for the axe and the plough. Let Catholics take advantage of the times, and organize colonies, who may leave the teeming cities and the barren mountains, and go to the fertile lands which await them in Texas, Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, California, etc. Let the wealthy unloose their pocket-books, and the moderate contribute according to their means, and aid to save the poor from misery by transplanting them from places where labor is superabundant to where it is needed.

FIRST the church, then the school, then the pastoral residence; this is what we see is nearly the universal rule in organizing a parish in America. First the church, because without a permanent, nay, a beautiful structure in which to worship God a congregation does not feel satisfied, and the requirements of worship are not fulfilled. Then a good, efficient Catholic school, for it is in vain to show the evils of the public-school system without providing good Catholic schools. Parents will send their children to a public school, as the least of two evils, if there is not a good Catholic school, and sometimes when there is. Third, the pastoral residence, and thus save rents, and preserve the health and secure the comfort of the priest, who has given up family ties and the hopes of acquiring wealth, and lives only to minister to religion. If every parish in this country had all three of these requisites it would be a great benefit, and progress would be certain.

THE arguments against the parade on St. Patrick's Day are as follows: First, the hard times and the expense of these displays are dwelt upon; then it is said that they only bring into prominence such persons who, caring nothing either for Ireland or for the Catholic faith, seek to impress the general public with the idea that they are influential leaders of the Irish element in America. It is also said that in some locations they provoke animosity and rioting. It is forcibly argued that the money spent on parades would be far better expended in schools or hospitals. The bad weather generally prevailing on March 17th

is also dwelt upon, and the sickness and colds often following parades is spoken of. Such are the arguments adduced against the parade, yet we suppose that there will be as many parades this year as ever.

THE formation of Catholic colonies is, we rejoice to see, exciting more attention. Bishop Ireland's colony, in Minnesota, is doing well, and we hear preparations are making to form similar colonies in Texas and other portions of the Southern States. The advantages of Catholic colonies are numerous. If they had been started forty years ago we would not now have to mourn the loss to the Church of many persons, whose parents, isolated from any priest or any Catholic influences, suffered them to grow up with little, if any, Catholic training, and gradually to forget their Irish or Catholic lineage, and be absorbed into the general mass of the non-Catholic population around them.

THE example of Edward Creighton, Esq., a citizen of Omaha, who left \$200,000 to found a college, is one that deserves to be widely known and extensively imitated. After providing for the reasonable expectations of descendants and relatives, no better way can be devised for the disposition of wealth than founding colleges, seminaries, or scholarships. By this "men's good deeds live after them" most effectually, and generations to come bless their memory.

THE Golden Jubilee of the Episcopate of Pius IX, will be celebrated by His Holiness on the 21st of May next, and it is desired that tributes of love and affection should be sent to Rome. Mrs. Sherman has taken charge of this movement in the United States, and active measures are in progress to make it a success. We cannot but urge upon all our readers the desirability of our country taking a prominent part in the forthcoming great outpouring of Catholic love and fidelity to the Holy See.

THE session of the British Parliament for 1877 *must* see some vigorous action taken by the Irish Home Rule party, or that party will lose its influence at home, and the advocates of repeal, or even of independence, will become so numerous as to sweep all opposition away, and cause the most formidable uprising that has ever taken place in Ireland. The Irish people are tired of promises, and demand deeds. A sweeping land reform even will not do.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The first edition of Miss Donnelly's book of poems was so often reviewed in Catholic publications throughout the United States, that it seems superfluous to do aught but call attention to a second edition. Unfortunately, however, books of poetry and fiction very seldom meet with the thorough attention they deserve from Catholic magazines and papers; they are "reviewed" hastily, and we fear that the publisher's name on the title-page has often more to do with the "critic's" conclusion than the merits of the author; and it has been the fate of the authoress of the book before us to meet with unreasoning admiration, self-complacent detraction, or utter indifference, from writers of her own faith. Except in one instance, we have seen no article that could be called a critique of the book from Catholic sources. In literary circles Miss Donnelly's poems have been accused of a lack of culture, while in other circles, not literary, the intense devotion which characterizes them obscures all faults. If we judge them by the light of their arrangement in this book, we must admit that there is some truth in the first accusation, for the poems are certainly uneven, and near the perfect art of such gems as "The Bronze Berenice," "Legend of the Robes," "The Two Guests," "Gualberto's Victory," "Unseen, yet Seen," we find some verses of little value poetically, and others disfigured by that lapse of taste which is as bad as the putting of metal on metal in heraldry—a mosaic of French and English words, always well chosen, but always detracting from the good effect of the poem. We need only point out as an example, the *fauterail* in that charming lyric, "The Poet's Little Rival." And this is a wilful fault against art, arising from the fact that the poetess is too easily satisfied with a rhythm or a rhyme; having found the good, it often happens that she fails to look for the best. She has proved herself capable of such perfect work that we will accept nothing but her best. She has intense devotion, pure imagination, fancy; but it must be admitted that her poems would at times be improved, if her poetic impulses were disciplined by a more thorough devotion to an art of which she is the inspired priestess. If the form of her inspiration is not always up to the highest standard, the inspiration is given unsoiled from God; and, it may be

argued, it is better to sacrifice art to true sentiment, than true sentiment to art. Eleanor C. Donnelly has proved that she should do neither; and Catholics have a right to ask for a collection of her poems comprising the *best*—a collection which will satisfy the cultured and elevate the taste of the uncultured. She has suffered most from her friends; the injudicious comparisons made between her and Longfellow serving to enhance the merit of neither. She possesses sufficient genius to stand alone among the poets; and if she prefers to give her life to religion and the poor, rather than to religion and poetic fame, let us, at least, have an opportunity of judging her by her best. In her *Out of Sweet Solitude*, we have a casket of exquisite gems, with here and there, few and far between, a flawed stone. The great success of her first venture from solitude should be a guarantee that the public would eagerly receive a second.

THE LIFE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Theodore Martin. With Portraits. Volume II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The second volume of the life of Prince Albert comprises a very interesting period in the history of Europe, extending from 1845 to February, 1854. It was a period of agitation among the people, and of intrigues between the rulers of almost every part of Europe. England could not avoid being affected by both. The relation of Prince Albert to Queen Victoria, as her husband and consort, was a delicate and difficult one. Under the constitution and laws of England he had no political power or status. He was not legally recognized as a counsellor or adviser of the Queen, and even his *presence* at the meetings of the Queen with her ministers, her constitutional advisers, was on a number of occasions resented and severely animadverted on by the public press as officious and illegal intermeddling.

The course pursued by Prince Albert under these circumstances is well brought out in this volume, chiefly by means of copious extracts from letters of Prince Albert and of the Queen.

The domestic life and relations of the Queen and her consort are frequently touched upon and clearly brought to view; and, we may add, they present a marked contrast in their virtuous happiness and peacefulness to those which history has recorded of many, if not most of the sovereigns of Europe.

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